

T H E
L I F E A N D O P I N I O N S

O F
T R I S T R A M S H A N D Y, Gent.

V O L. II.

C H A P. I.

I HAVE begun a new book, on purpose that I might have room enough to explain the nature of the perplexities in which my uncle Toby was involved, from the many discourses and interrogations about the siege of Namur, where he received his wound.

I must remind the reader, in case he has read the history of king William's wars,—but if he has not,—I then inform him, that one of the most memorable attacks in that siege, was that which was made by the English and Dutch upon the point of the advanced counterscarp, before the gate of St Nicolas, which inclosed the great sluice or water-stop, where the English were terribly exposed to the shot of the counter-guard and demi-bastion of St Roch: The issue of which hot dispute, in three words was this; That the Dutch lodged themselves upon the counter-guard,—and that the English made themselves masters of the covered way before St Nicolas's gate, notwithstanding the gallantry of the French officers, who exposed themselves upon the glacis sword in hand.

As this was the principal attack of which my uncle Toby was an eye-witness at Namur,—the army of the besiegers being cut off, by the confluence of the
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Maes and Sambre, from seeing much of each other's operations,—my uncle Toby was generally more eloquent and particular in his account of it; and the many perplexities he was in, arose out of the almost insurmountable difficulties he found in telling his story intelligibly, and giving such clear ideas of the differences and distinctions between the scarp and counterscarp, —the glacis and covered way,—the half-moon and ravelin,—as to make his company fully comprehend where and what he was about.

Writers themselves are too apt to confound these terms;—so that you will the less wonder, if in his endeavours to explain them, and in opposition to many misconceptions, that my uncle Toby did oft times puzzle his visitors; and sometimes himself too.

To speak the truth, unless the company my father led up stairs were tolerably clear-headed, or my uncle Toby was in one of his best explanatory moods, 'twas a difficult thing, do what he could, to keep the discourse free from obscurity.

What rendered the account of this affair the more intricate to my uncle Toby, was this,—that in the attack of the counterscarp before the gate of St Nicolas, extending itself from the bank of the Maes quite up to the great water stop;—the ground was cut and cross-cut with such a multitude of dykes, drains, rivulets, and sluices, on all sides,—and he would get so sadly bewildered and set fast amongst them, that frequently he could neither get backwards or forwards to save his life, and was oft times obliged to give up the attack upon that very account only.

These perplexing rebuffs gave my uncle Toby Shandy more perturbations than you would imagine; and as my father's kindness to him was continually dragging up fresh friends and fresh inquirers,—he had but a very uneasy task of it.

No doubt my uncle Toby had great command of himself,—and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as most men;—yet any one may imagine, that when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half-moon, or getting out of the covered way without falling down the counterscarp, nor cross the dyke with-

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out danger of slipping into the ditch, but that he must have fretted and fumed inwardly :—He did so ;—and the little and hourly vexations, which may seem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read Hippocrates, yet, whoever has read Hippocrates, or Dr James Mackenzie, and has considered well the effects which the passions and affections of the mind have upon the digestion,—(Why not of a wound as well as of a dinner ?)—may easily conceive what sharp paroxysms and exacerbations of his wound my uncle Toby must have undergone upon that score only.

—My uncle Toby could not philosophize upon it—'twas enough he felt it was so,—and having sustained the pain and sorrows of it for three months together, he was resolved some way or other to extricate himself.

He was one morning lying upon his back in his bed, the anguish and nature of the wound upon his groin suffering him to lie in no other position, when a thought came into his head, that if he could purchase such a thing, and have it pasted down upon a board, as a large map of the fortifications of the town and citadel of Namur, with its environs, it might be a means of giving him ease.—I take notice of his desire to have the environs along with the town and citadel, for this reason,—because my uncle Toby's wound was got in one of the traverses, about thirty toises from the returning angle of the trench, opposite to the salient angle of the demibastion of St Roch ;—so that he was pretty confident he could stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing in when the stone struck him.

All this succeeded to his wishes, and not only freed him from a world of sad explanations, but, in the end, it proved the happy means, as you will read, of procuring my uncle Toby his HOBBY-HORSE.

C H A P. II.

THERE is nothing so foolish, when you are at the expence of making an entertainment of this kind, as to order things so badly, as to let your critics and gentry of refined taste run it down : Nor is there any thing

thing so likely to make them do it, as that of leaving them out of the party, or, what is full as offensive, of bestowing your attention upon the rest of your guests in so particular a way, as if there was no such thing as a critic (by occupation) at table.

——— I guard against both; for, in the first place, I have left half a dozen places purposely open for them; —and, in the next place, I pay them all court.——

Gentlemen, I kiss your hands,—I protest no company could give me half the pleasure,—by my soul I am glad to see you,—I beg only you will make no strangers of yourselves, but sit down without any ceremony, and fall on heartily.

I said I had left six places, and I was upon the point of carrying my complaisance so far, as to have left a seventh open for them, and in this very spot I stand on;—but being told by a critic (though not by occupation,—but by nature) that I had acquitted myself well enough, I shall fill it up directly, hoping, in the mean time, that I shall be able to make a great deal of more room next year.

——— How, in the name of wonder! could your uncle Toby, who, it seems, was a military man, and whom you have represented as no fool, be at the same time such a confused, pudding-headed, muddle-headed fellow, as——Go look.

So, Sir Critic, I could have replied; but I scorn it.——'Tis language unurbane, and only befitting the man who cannot give clear and satisfactory accounts of things, or dive deep enough into the first causes of human ignorance and confusion. It is moreover the reply valiant,—and therefore I reject it; for tho' it might have suited my uncle Toby's character as a soldier excellently well,—and had he not accustomed himself, in such attacks to whistle the *Lillabullero*,—as he wanted no courage, 'tis the very answer he would have given; yet it would by no means have done for me. You see as plain as can be, that I write as a man of erudition;—that even my similes, my allusions, my illustrations, my metaphors, are erudite, and that I must sustain my character properly, and contrast it properly too,—else what would become of me? Why, Sir, I should be undone;

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—at this very moment that I am going here to fill up one place against a critic,—I should have made an opening for a couple.

—Therefore I answer thus :

Pray, Sir, in all the reading which you have ever read, did you ever read such a book as Locke's Essay upon the Human Understanding?—Don't answer me rashly,—because many, I know, quote the book, who have not read it,—and many have read it, who understand it not:—If either of these is your case, as I write to instruct, I will tell you in three words what the book is.—It is a history.—A history! of who? what? where? when? Don't hurry yourself—It is a history book, Sir, (which may possibly recommend it to the world) of what passes in a man's own mind; and if you will say so much of the book, and no more, believe me, you will cut no contemptible figure in a metaphysic circle.

But this by the way.

Now, if you will venture to go along with me, and look down into the bottom of this matter, it will be found that the cause of obscurity and confusion in the mind of man, is threefold.

Dull organs, dear Sir, in the first place. Secondly, slight and transient impressions made by objects, when the said organs are not dull. And, thirdly, a memory like unto a sieve, not able to retain what it has received.—Call down Dolly your chambermaid, and I will give you my cap and bell along with it, if I make not this matter so plain that Dolly herself shall understand it as well as Malbranch.—When Dolly has indited her epistle to Robin, and has thrust her arm into the bottom of her pocket hanging by her right side; take that opportunity to recollect that the organs and faculties of perception, can, by nothing in this world, be so aptly typified and explained as by that one thing which Dolly's hand is in search of. Your organs are not so dull that I should inform you—'tis an inch, Sir, of red seal wax.

When this is melted and dropped upon the letter,—if Dolly fumbles too long for her thimble, till the wax is over-hardened, it will not receive the mark of her thimble from the usual impulse which was wont to imprint it. Very well: if Dolly's wax, for want of bet-
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ter, is bees-wax, or of a temper too soft,—tho' it may receive,——it will not hold the impression, how hard soever Dolly thrusts against it; and last of all, supposing the wax good, and eke the thimble, but applied thereto in careless haste, as her mistress rings the bell; —in any one of these three cases, the print left by the thimble, will be as unlike the prototype as a brass-jack.

Now you must understand that not one of these was the true cause of the confusion in my uncle Toby's discourse; and it is for that very reason I enlarge upon them so long, after the manner of great physiologists, —to shew the world what it did *not* arise from.

What it did arise from, I have hinted above, and a fertile source of obscurity it is,—and ever will be,—and that is the unsteady uses of words which have perplexed the clearest and most exalted understandings.

It is ten to one, (at Arthur's) whether you have ever read the literary histories of past ages; ———if you have, ————what terrible battles, yclep'd logomachies, have they occasioned and perpetuated with so much gall and ink-shed———that a good-natured man cannot read the accounts of them without tears in his eyes.

Gentle critic! when thou hast weighed all this, and considered within thyself how much of thy own knowledge, discourse, and conversation has been pestered and disordered, at one time or other, by this, and this only:—What a pudder and racket in COUNCILS about *verba* and *involuntaries*, and in the SCHOOLS of the learned about power, and about spirit; ———about essences, and about quintessences; ———about substances, and about space:—What confusion in greater THEATRES from words of little meaning, and as indeterminate a sense!—When thou considerest this, thou wilt not wonder at my uncle Toby's perplexities, ———thou wilt drop a tear of pity upon his scarp and his counterscarp; ———his glacis and his covered way; ———his ravelin and his half-moon: 'Twas not by ideas,—by heaven! his life was put in jeopardy by words.

C H A P. III.

WHEN my uncle Toby got his map of Namur to his mind, he began immediately to apply himself, and with the utmost diligence, to the study of it; for nothing being of more importance to him than his recovery, and his recovery depending, as you have read, upon the passions and affections of his mind, it behoved him to take the nicest care to make himself so far master of his subject, as to be able to talk upon it without emotion.

In a fortnight's close and painful application, which, by the bye, did my uncle Toby's wound upon his groin no good—he was enabled, by the help of some marginal documents at the feet of the elephant, together with Gobefius's military architecture and pyroballogy, translated from the Flemish, to form his discourse with passable perspicuity; and before he was two full months gone,—he was right eloquent upon it, and could make not only the attack of the advanced counter-scarp with great order;—but having, by that time, gone much deeper into the art, than what his first motive made necessary,—my uncle Toby was able to cross the Maes and Sambre; make diversions as far as Vauban's line, the abbey of Salfines, &c. and give his visitors as distinct a history of each of their attacks, as of that of the gate of St Nicolas, where he had the honour to receive his wound.

But the desire of knowledge like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it. The more my uncle Toby pored over his map, the more he took a liking to it;—by the same process and electrical assimilation, as I told you, thro' which I ween the souls of connoisseurs themselves, by long friction and incubition, have the happiness, at length, to get all be-virtued,—be-pictured,—be-butterflied, and be-fiddled.

The more my uncle Toby drank of this sweet fountain of science, the greater was the heat and impatience of his thirst, so that, before the first year of his confinement had well gone round, there was scarce a fortified town

town in Italy or Flanders, of which, by one means or other, he had not procured a plan, reading over as he got them, and carefully collating therewith the histories of their sieges, their demolitions, their improvements, and new works, all which he would read with that intense application and delight, that he would forget himself, his wound, his confinement, his dinner.

In the second year, my uncle Toby purchased Ramelli and Cataneo, translated from the Italian;—likewise Stevinus, Moralis, the Chevalier de Ville, Lorini, Cohorn, Sheeter, the Count de Pagan, the Marshal Vauban, Monf. Blondel, with almost as many more books of military architecture, as Don Quixote was found to have of chivalry, when the curate and barbarian invaded his library.

Towards the beginning of the third year, which was in August, ninety-nine, my uncle Toby found it necessary to understand a little of projectiles:—And having judged it best to draw his knowledge from the fountain-head, he began with N. Tartaglia, who it seems was the first man who detected the imposition of a cannon-ball's doing all that mischief under the notion of a right line.—This, N. Tartaglia proved to my uncle Toby to be an impossible thing.

—Endless is the Search of Truth!—

No sooner was my uncle Toby satisfied which road the cannon ball did not go, but he was insensibly led on, and resolved in his mind to enquire and find out which road the ball did go: For which purpose he was obliged to set off afresh with old Maltus, and studied him devoutly. He proceed next to Gallileo and Torricellius, wherein, by certain geometrical rules, infallibly laid down, he found the precise path to be a PARABOLA,—or else an HYPERBOLA,—and that the parameter, or *latus rectum* of the conic section of the said path, was to the quantity and amplitude in a direct *ratio*, as the whole line to the sine of double the angle of incidence, formed by the breach upon an horizontal plane;—and that the semiparameter,—stop my dear uncle Toby,—stop!—go not one foot further into this thorny and bewildered track,—intricate are the steps! intricate are the mazes of this labyrinth! intricate are the troubles which the pursuit of this bewitching phantom KNOW-

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LEDGE, will bring upon thee.—O my uncle! fly—fly—fly from it as from a serpent.—Is it fit, good-natured man! thou should'st sit up with the wound upon thy groin, whole nights baking thy blood with hectic watchings?—Alas! 'twill exasperate thy symptoms,—check thy perspirations,—evaporate thy spirits,—waste thy animal strength,—dry up thy radical moisture,—bring thee into a costive habit of body,—impair thy health,—and hasten all the infirmities of thy old age. O my uncle! my uncle Toby.

C H A P. IV.

I WOULD not give a groat for that man's knowledge in pen-craft, who does not understand this,—That the best plain narrative in the world, tacked very close to the last spirited apostrophe to my uncle Toby,—would have felt both cold and vapid upon the reader's palate;—therefore I forthwith put an end to the chapter,—though I was in the middle of my story.

—Writers of my stamp have one principle in common with painters.—Where an exact copying makes our pictures less striking, we chuse the less evil; deeming it even more pardonable to trespass against truth than beauty.—This is to be understood *cum grano salis*;—but be it as it will, as the parallel is made more for the sake of letting the apostrophe cool, than any thing else,—'tis not very material whether upon any other score the reader approves of it or not.

In the latter end of the third year, my uncle Toby perceiving that the parameter and semi-parameter of the conic section angered his wound, he left off the study of projectiles in a kind of a huff, and betook himself to the practical part of fortification only; the pleasure of which, like a spring held back, returned upon him with redoubled force.

It was in this year that my uncle began to break in upon the daily regularity of a clean shirt,—to dismiss his barber unshaven,—and to allow his surgeon scarce time sufficient to dress his wound, concerning himself so little about it, as not to ask him once in seven times dressing how it went on: When, lo!—all of a sudden,

for the change was as quick as lightning, he began to sigh heavily for his recovery,—complained to my father, grew impatient with the surgeon;—and one morning as he heard his foot coming up stairs, he shut up his books, and thrust aside his instruments, in order to expostulate with him upon the protraction of his cure, which, he told him, might surely have been accomplished at least by that time:—He dwelt long upon the miseries he had undergone, and the sorrows of his four years melancholy imprisonment:—adding, that had it not been for the kind looks, and fraternal cheerings of the best of brothers—he had long since sunk under his misfortunes.—My father was by: My uncle Toby's eloquence brought tears into his eyes;—'twas unexpected. My uncle Toby, by nature, was not eloquent;—it had the greater effect.—The surgeon was confounded;—not that there wanted grounds for such, or greater, marks of impatience,—but 'twas unexpected too; in the four years he had attended him, he had never seen any thing like it in my uncle Toby's carriage;—he had never once dropped one fretful or discontented word;—he had been all patience,—all submission.

—We lose the right of complaining sometimes by forbearing it;—but we oftener treble the force:—The surgeon was astonished;—but much more so, when he heard my uncle Toby go on, and peremptorily insist upon his healing up the wound directly,—or sending for Monsieur Ronjat, the king's serjeant-surgeon, to do it for him.

The desire of life and health is implanted in man's nature;—the love of liberty and enlargement is a sister passion to it: These my uncle Toby had in common with his species;—and either of them had been sufficient to account for his earnest desire to get well, and out of doors;—but I have told you before, that nothing wrought with our family, after the common way;—and from the time and manner in which this eager desire shewed itself in the present case, the penetrating reader will suspect there was some other cause or crutch for it in my uncle Toby's head: There was so, and 'tis the subject of the next chapter to set forth what that

that cause and crotchet was. I own, when that's done, 'twill be time to return back to the parlour fire-side, where we left my uncle Toby in the middle of his sentence.

C H A P. V.

WHEN a man gives himself up to the government of a ruling passion,—or, in other words, when his HOBBY-HORSE grows head-strong,——farewel cool reason and fair discretion.

My uncle Toby's wound was near well, and as soon as the surgeon recovered his surprise, and could get leave to say as much—he told him, 'twas just beginning to incarnate; and that if no fresh exfoliation happened, which there were no signs of,—it would be dried up in five or six weeks. The sound of as many olympiads twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of shorter duration to my uncle Toby's mind.—The succession of his ideas was now rapid,—he broiled with impatience to put his design in execution;—and so, without consulting further with any soul living,—which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one soul's advice,——he privately ordered Trim, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dressings, and hire a chariot and four to be at the door exactly by twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change.—So leaving a bank-note upon the table for the surgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's——he packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his instruments, &c.—and, by the help of a crutch on one side, and Trim on the other, my uncle Toby embarked for Shandy-hall.

The reason, or rather the rise, of this sudden demigrations, was as follows :

The table in my uncle Toby's room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was sitting with his maps, &c. about him—being somewhat of the smallest, for that infinity of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crowded upon it;—he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compasses, and in stooping to

take the compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers;—and as the dice took a run against him, in his endeavouring to catch the snuffers in falling,—he thrust *Monf. Blondel* off the table, and *Count de Pagan* o' top of him.

'Twas to no purpose for a man, lame as my uncle Toby was, to think of redressing all these evils by himself,—he rung his bell for his man *Trim*;—*Trim*! quoth my uncle Toby, pr'ythee see what confusion I have here been making.—I must have some better contrivance,—*Trim*.—Can'st not thou take my rule, and measure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and bespeak me one as big again?—Yes, an' please your honour, replied *Trim*, making a bow;—but I hope your honour will be soon well enough to get down to your country-seat, where,—as your honour takes so much pleasure in fortification,——we could manage this matter to a T.

I must here inform you, that this servant of my uncle Toby's, who went by the name of *Trim*, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company,—his real name was *James Butler*,—but having got the nick-name of *Trim* in the regiment, my uncle Toby, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service, by a wound on his left knee by a musket-bullet at the battle of *Landen*, which was two years before the affair of *Namur*;—and as the fellow was well beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle Toby took him for his servant, and of excellent use was he, attending my uncle Toby in the camp and in his quarters as valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse; and indeed, from first to last, waited upon him and served him with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle Toby loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge:—for corporal *Trim*, (for so, for the future, I shall call him) by four years occasional attention to his master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into
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his master's plans, &c. exclusive and besides what he gained HOBBY-HORSICALLY, as a body-servant. *Non Hobby-Horsical per se*;—had become no mean proficient in the science; and was thought, by the cook and chamber-maid, to know as much of the nature of strong holds as my uncle Toby himself.

I have but one more stroke to give to finish corporal Trim's character,—and it is the only dark line in it. The fellow loved to advise,—or rather to hear himself talk; his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so; but set his tongue a-going,—you had no hold of him;—he was voluble;—the eternal interlardings of *your honour*, with the respectfulness of corporal Trim's manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution—that tho' you might have been incommoded,—you could not well be angry. My uncle Toby was seldom either the one or the other with him,—or, at least, this fault, in Trim, broke no squares with 'em. My uncle Toby, as I said, loved the man;—and besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant,—but as an humble friend—he could not bear to stop his mouth. Such was corporal Trim.

If I durst presume, continued Trim, to give your honour my advice, and speak my opinion in this matter—Thou art welcome, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby,—speak, speak what thou thinkest upon the subject, man, without fear. Why then, replied Trim (not hanging his ears and scratching his head like a country lout, but) stroaking his hair back from his forehead, and standing erect as before his division—I think, quoth Trim, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards,—and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned against the hangings,—I think, quoth corporal Trim, with humble submission to your honour's better judgment, that these ravelins, bastions, curtains, and horn-works, make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your honour and I could make of it, were we in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleased with: As summer is coming on,

continued Trim, your honour might fit out of doors, and give me the nography——(Call it ichnography, quoth my uncle) of the town or citadel, your honour was pleased to sit down before,—and I will be shot by your honour upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it to your honour's mind. I dare say thou would'st, Trim, quoth my uncle. For if your honour, continued the corporal, could but mark me the polygon, with its exact lines and angles,—That I could do very well, quoth my uncle.—I would begin with the fossé, and if your honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth,—I can to a hair's breadth, Trim, replied my uncle—I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the scarp,—and on the other hand towards the campaign for the counterscarp—Very right, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby—And when I had sloped them to your mind,—an' please your honour, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in Flanders, with fods,—and as your honour knows they should be, and I would make the walls and parapets with fods too —The best engineers call them gazons, Trim, said my uncle Toby—Whether they are gazons or fods, is not much matter, replied, Trim, your honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or stone.—I know they are, Trim, in some respects,—quoth my uncle Toby, nodding his head; for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fossé (as was the case at St Nicolas's-Gate) and facilitate the passage over it.

Your honour understands these matters, replied corporal Trim, better than any officer in his Majesty's service;—but would your honour please to let the bespeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work under your honour's directions like a horse, and make fortifications for you something like a tansy, with all their batteries, saps, ditches, and pallisadoes, that it should be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and see it.

My uncle Toby blushed as red as scarlet, as Trim went on;—but it was not a blush of guilt,—of modesty,—or of anger; it was a blush of joy; he was
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fired with corporal Trim's project and description.—Trim! said my uncle Toby, thou hast said enough.—We might begin the campaign, continued Trim, on the very day that his majesty and the allies take the field, and demolish 'em town by town as fast as—Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, say no more.—Your honour, continued Trim, might sit in your arm-chair, (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would—Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.—Besides, your honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime,—but good air, and good exercise, and good health,—and your honour's wound would be well in a month. Thou hast said enough, Trim,—quoth my uncle Toby, (putting his hand into his breeches-pocket) I like thy project mightily—And if your honour pleases, I'll this moment, go and buy a pioneer's spade to take down with us, and I'll bespeak a shovel and a pick-ax, and a couple of—Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg quite overcome with rapture,—and thrusting a guinea into Trim's hand.—Trim, said my uncle Toby, say no more;—but go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant.

Trim ran down and brought up his master's supper, to no purpose:—Trim's plan of operation ran so in my uncle Toby's head, he could not taste it.—Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, get me to bed; 'twas all one.—Corporal Trim's description had fired his imagination,—my uncle Toby could not shut his eyes.—The more he considered it, the more bewitching the scene appeared to him;—so that two full hours before day-light, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and corporal Trim's decampment.

My uncle Toby had a little neat country-house of his own, in the village where my father's estate lay at Shandy, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a small estate of about one hundred pounds a year. Behind this house, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre;—and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew-hedge, was a bowling-green, containing just about as much ground as corporal Trim wished for;—so that as Trim uttered

uttered the words, "A rood and a half of ground to do what they would with;"—this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself, and became curiously painted, all at once, upon the retinue of my uncle Toby's fancy,—which was the physical cause of making him change colour, or, at least, of heightening his blush to that immoderate degree I spoke of.

Never did lover post down to a beloved mistress with more heat and expectation, than my uncle Toby did to enjoy this self-same thing in private;—I say in private,—for it was sheltered from the house, as I told you, by a tall yew-hedge, and was covered on the other three sides from mortal sight, by rough holly and thickset flowering shrubs;—so that the idea of not being seen, did not a little contribute to the idea of pleasure preconceived in my uncle Toby's mind.—Vain thought! however thick it was planted about,—or private soever it might seem,—to think, dear uncle Toby, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground,—and not have it known!

How my uncle Toby and corporal Trim managed this matter, with the history of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events,—may make no uninteresting under-plot in the epitasis and working up of this drama:—At present the scene must drop,—and change for the parlour fire-side.

C H A P. VI.

—What can they be doing, brother? said my father.—I think, replied my uncle Toby,—taking, as I told you, his pipe from his mouth, and striking the ashes out of it as he began his sentence;—I think, replied he,—it would not be amiss, brother, if we rung the bell.

Pray, what's all that racket over our heads, Obadiah?—quoth my father;—my brother and I can scarce hear ourselves speak.

Sir, answered Obadiah, making a bow towards his left shoulder, my mistress is taken very badly.—And there's Susannah running down the garden there, as if they were going

going to ravish her.—Sir, she is running the shortest cut into the town, replied Obadiah, to fetch the old midwife.—Then saddle a horse, quoth my father, and do you go directly for Dr Slop, the man-midwife, with all our services,—and let him know your mistress is fallen in labour,—and that I desire he will return with you with all speed.

It is very strange, says my father, addressing himself to my uncle Toby, as Obadiah shut the door,——as there is so expert an operator as Dr Slop so near——that my wife should persist to the very last in this obstinate humour of hers, in trusting the life of my child, who has had one misfortune already, to the ignorance of an old woman;——and not only the life of my child, brother,—but her own life, and with it the lives of all the children I might, peradventure, have begot out of her hereafter.

Mayhap, brother, replied my uncle, my sister does it to save the expence:——A pudding's end,——replied my father,—the Doctor must be paid the same for inaction as action,—if not better,—to keep him in temper.

——Then it can be out of nothing in the whole world, quoth my uncle Toby, in the simplicity of his heart,——but MODESTY;—My sister, I dare say, added he, does not care to let a man come so near her ****. I will not say whether my uncle Toby had completed the sentence or not;——'tis for his advantage to suppose he had,——as, I think, he could have added no ONE WORD which would have improved it.

If, on the contrary, my uncle Toby had not fully arrived at his period's end,—then the world stands indebted to the sudden snapping of my father's tobacco-pipe, for one of the neatest examples of that ornamental figure in oratory, which Rhetoricians stile the *Aposiopesis*.—Just heaven! how does the *Poco piu* and the *Poco meno*, of the Italian artists—the insensible, more or less determine the precise line of beauty in the sentence as well as in the statue! How do the slight touches of the chisel, the pencil, the pen, the fiddle-stick, *et cetera*,
give

give the true swell, which give the true pleasure!—
O my countrymen!—be nice; be cautious of your
language;—and never, O! never let it be forgotten,
upon what small particles your eloquence and your
fame depend.

——“ My sister, mayhap, quoth my uncle Toby,
“ does not chose to let a man come so near her *****”
Make this dash,—’tis an Apopsiopesis.—Take the dash
away, and write Backside,—’tis Bawdy.—Scratch
Backside out, and put *covered way* in,—’tis a metaphor;
and, I dare say, as fortification ran so much in my
uncle Toby’s head, that if he had been left to have
added one word to the sentence,—that word was it.

But whether that was the case or not the case;—or
whether the snapping of my father’s tobacco-pipe so
critically happened thro’ accident or anger,—will be
seen in due time.

C H A P. VII.

TH O’ my father was a good natural philosopher,
—yet he was something of a moral philosopher
too; for which reason, when his tobacco-pipe snapped
short in the middle,—he had nothing to do,—as such,
—but to have taken hold of the two pieces and thrown
them gently upon the back of the fire.—He did no
such thing;—he threw them with all the violence in
the world;—and, to give action still the more empha-
sis,—he started up upon both his legs to do it.

This looked something like heat;—and the manner
of his reply to what my uncle Toby was saying proved
it was so.

——“ Not choose, quoth my father, (repeating
my uncle Toby’s words) to let a man come so near
her——” By heaven, brother Toby! you would
try the patience of a Job; and I think I have the
plagues of one already, without it.—Why?—
Where?—Wherein?—Wherefore?—
Upon what account? replied my uncle Toby, in the
utmost astonishment.—To think, said my fa-
ther, of a man living to your age, brother, and know-
ing

ing so little about women?—I know nothing at all about them—replied my uncle Toby; and I think, continued he, that the shock I received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in my affair with Widow Wadman; which shock, you know, I should not have received, but from my total ignorance of the sex—has given me just cause to say, That I neither know, nor do pretend to know, any thing about 'em, or their concerns either.—Methinks, brother, replied my father, you might, at least, know so much as the right end of a woman from the wrong.

It is said in Aristotle's Master-piece, "That when a man doth think of any thing which is past,—he looketh down upon the ground;—but that when he thinketh of something that is to come, he looketh up towards the heavens."

My uncle Toby, I suppose, thought of neither,—for he looked horizontally.—Right end,—quoth my uncle Toby, muttering the two words low to himself, and fixing his two eyes insensibly as he muttered them, upon a small crevice, formed by a bad joint in the chimney-piece,—Right end of a woman!—I declare, quoth my uncle, I know no more which it is, than the man in the moon;—and if I was to think, continued my uncle Toby, (keeping his eyes still fixed upon the bad joint) this month together, I am sure I should not be able to find it out.

Then, brother Toby, replied my father, I will tell you.

Every thing in this world, continued my father, (filling a fresh pipe)—every thing in this earthly world, my dear brother Toby, has two handles—Not always, quoth my uncle Toby—At least, replied my father, every one has two hands,—which comes to the same thing.—Now, if a man was to sit down coolly, and consider within himself the make, the shape, the construction, com-at-ability, and convenience of all the parts which constitute the whole of that animal, called Woman, and compare them analogically—I never understood rightly the meaning of that word, quoth my uncle Toby.—ANALOGY, replied my father, is the certain relation
and

and agreement, which different——Here a devil of a rap at the door snapped my father's definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in two,——and, at the same time, crushed the head of as notable and curious a dissertation as ever was engendered in the womb of speculation;——it was some months before my father could get an opportunity to be safely deliver'd of it:——And, at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the subject of the dissertation itself,——(considering the confusion and distresses of our domestic misadventures, which are now coming thick one upon the back of another) whether I shall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

C H A P. VIII.

IT is about an hour and a half's tolerable good reading since my uncle Toby rung the bell, when Obadiah was ordered to saddle a horse, and go for Dr Slop the man-midwife;——so that no one can say with reason, that I have not allowed Obadiah time enough, poetically speaking, and considering the emergency too, both to go and come;——tho', morally and truly speaking, the man, perhaps, has scarce had time to get on his boots.

If the hypercritic will go upon this, and is resolved after all to take a pendulum, and measure the true distance betwixt the ringing of the bell and the rap at the door;——and, after finding it to be no more than two minutes, thirteen seconds, and three fifths,——should take upon him to insult over me for such a breach in the unity, or rather probability, of time;——I would remind him, that the idea of duration and of its simple modes, is got merely from the train and succession of our ideas,——and is the true scholastic pendulum,——and by which, as a scholar, I will be tried in this matter,——adjuring and detesting the jurisdiction of all other pendulums whatever.

I would, therefore, desire him to consider, that it is but poor eight miles from Shandy-hall to Dr Slop, the man-midwife's house;——and that whilst Obadiah has been going the said miles and back, I have brought my
uncle

uncle Toby from Namur, quite across all Flanders, into England :—That I have had him ill upon my hands near four years ;—and have since travelled him and Corporal Trim, in a chariot and four, a journey of near two hundred miles down into Yorkshire ;—all which put together, must have prepared the reader's imagination for the entrance of Dr Slop upon the stage,—as much, at least, (I hope) as a dance, a song, or a concerto between the acts.

If my hypercritic is intractable,—alleging, that two minutes and thirteen seconds are no more than two minutes and thirteen seconds,—when I have said all I can about them ;—and that this plea, tho' it might save me dramatically, will damn me biographically, rendering my book, from this very moment, a professed ROMANCE, which, before was a book apocryphal :—If I am thus pressed—I then put an end to the whole objection and controversy about it all at once,—by acquainting him, that Obadiah had not got above threescore yards from the stable-yard before he met with Dr Slop ; and indeed he gave a dirty proof that he had met with him,—and was within an ace of giving a tragical one too.

Imagine to yourself—But this had better begin a new chapter.

C H A P. IX.

IMAGINE to yourself a little, squat, uncourtly figure of a Dr Slop, of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a selquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a serjeant in the horse-guards.

Such were the outlines of Dr Slop's figure, which,—if you have read Hogarth's analysis of beauty, and if you have not, I wish you would ; you must know, may as certainly be caracatur'd, and convey'd to the mind by three strokes as three hundred.

Imagine such a one,—for such, I say, were the outlines of Dr Slop's figure, coming slowly along, foot by foot, waddling thro' the dirt upon the vertebræ of a little diminutive pony,—of a pretty colour ; but of strength

strength—alack!—scarce able to have made an amble of it, under such a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition.—They were not.—Imagine to yourself, Obadiah mounted upon a strong monster of a coach-horse, prick'd into a full gallop, and making all practicable speed the adverse way.

Pray, Sir, let me interest you a moment in this description.

Had Dr Slop beheld Obadiah a mile off, posting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monstrous rate,—splashing and plunging like a devil thro' thick and thin, as he approached, would not such a phænomenon, with such a vortex of mud and water moving along with it, round its axis, have been a subject of juster apprehension to Dr Slop in his situation, than the *worst* of Whiston's comets?—To say nothing of the NUCLEUS; that is, of Obadiah and the coach-horse.—

In my idea, the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involved and carried, if not the Doctor, at least the Doctor's pony quite away with it. What then do you think must the terror and hydrophobia of Dr Slop have been, when you read, (which you are just going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards Shandy-hall, and had approached to within sixty yards of it, and within five yards of a sudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden wall,—and in the dirtiest part of a dirty lane,—when Obadiah and his coach-horse turn'd the corner, rapid, furious,—pop—full upon him!—Nothing, I think, in nature, can be supposed more terrible, than such a rencounter—so imprompt! so ill prepared to stand the shock of it as Dr Slop was.

What could Dr Slop do?—He crossed himself.—Pugh!—but the Doctor, Sir, was a papist.—No matter; he had better have kept hold of the pummel.—He had so;—nay, as it happened, he had better have done nothing at all;—for in crossing himself he let go his whip,———and in attempting to save his whip betwixt his knee and his saddle's skirt, as it slipped, he lost his stirrup,———in losing which, he lost his seat;———and in the multitude of all these losses, (which, by the bye, shews what little advantage there is in crossing) the unfortunate Doctor lost his presence-of mind. So

that,

that, without waiting for Obadiah's onset, he left his pony to its destiny, tumbling of it diagonally, something in the stile and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other consequence from the fall, save that of being left, (as it would have been) with the broadest part of him sunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

Obadiah pulled off his cap twice to Dr Slop;—once as he was falling, and then again when he saw him seated.—Ill-timed complaisance!—had not the fellow better have stopped his horse, and got off and helped him?—Sir, he did all that his situation would allow;—but the MOMENTUM of the coach-horse was so great, that Obadiah could not do it all at once;—he rode in a circle three times round Dr Slop, before he could fully accomplish it any how;—and at the last, when he did stop his beast, 'twas done with such an explosion of mud, that Obadiah had better have been a league off. In short, never was a Dr Slop so beluted, and so transubstantiated, since that affair came into fashion.

C H A P. X.

WHEN Dr Slop entered the back parlour, where my father and my uncle Toby were discoursing upon the nature of women,—it was hard to determine whether Dr Slop's figure or Dr Slop's presence, occasioned more surprise to them; for as the accident happened so near the house, as not to make it worth while for Obadiah to remount him,—Obadiah had led him in as he was, *unwiped, unappointed, unannealed*, with all his stains and blotches on him.—He stood like Hamlet's ghost, motionless and speechless, for a full minute and a half at the parlour door, (Obadiah still holding his hand) with all the majesty of mud. His hinder parts upon which he had received his fall, totally besmeared, —and in every other part of him, blotched over in such a manner with Obadiah's explosion, that you would have sworn,—(without mental reservation) that every grain of it had taken effect.

Here was a fair opportunity for my uncle Toby to have triumphed over my father in his turn;—for no mortal, who had beheld Dr Slop in that pickle, could have dissented

sented from so much, at least, of my uncle Toby's opinion, "That mayhap his sister might not care to let such a Dr Slop come so near her ****." But it was the *Argumentum ad hominem*; and if my uncle Toby was not very expert at it, you may think, he might not care to use it. No; the reason was,—'twas not his nature to insult.

Dr Slop's presence, at that time, was no less problematical than the mode of it, tho', it is certain, one moment's reflection in my father might have solved it; for he had apprised Dr Slop, but the week before, that my mother was at her full reckoning; and as the Doctor had heard nothing since, 'twas natural and very political too in him, to have taken a ride to Shandy-hall, as he did, merely to see how matters went on.

But my father's mind took unfortunately a wrong turn in the investigation; running, like the hypercritic's, altogether upon the ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door,—measuring their distance,—and keeping his mind so intent upon the operation, as to have power to think of nothing else,—common-place infirmity of the greatest mathematicians! working with might and main at the demonstration, and so wasting all their strength upon it, that they have none left in them to draw the corollary, to do good with.

The ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door, struck likewise strong upon the sensorium of my uncle Toby,—but it excited a very different train of thoughts;—the two irreconcilable pulsations instantly brought Stevinus, the great engineer, along with them, into my uncle Toby's mind.—What business Stevinus had in this affair, is the greatest problem of all;—it shall be solved,—but not in the next chapter.

C H A P. XI.

WRITING, when properly managed (as you may be sure I think mine is), is but a different name for conversation: As no one, who knows what he is about in good company, would venture to talk all;—so no author, who understands the just boundaries of decorum and good breeding, would presume to think all:

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The truest respect which you can pay to the reader's understanding, is to halve this matter amicably, and leave him something to imagine, in his turn, as well as yourself.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his imagination as busy as my own.

'Tis his turn now:—I have given an ample description of Dr Slop's sad overthrow, and of his sad appearance in the back-parlour;—his imagination must now go on with it for a while.

Let the reader imagine then, that Dr Slop has told his tale;—and in what words, and with what aggravations his fancy chuses.—Let him suppose that Obadiah has told his tale also, and with such rueful looks of affected concern, as he thinks will best contrast the two figures as they stand by each other.—Let him imagine that my father has stepped up stairs to see my mother:—And, to conclude this work of imagination,—let him imagine the Doctor wash'd,—rubb'd down,—condoled with,—felicitated,—got into a pair of Obadiah's pumps, stepping forward towards the door, upon the very point of entering upon action.

Truce!—truce, good Dr Slop!—stay thy obstetric hand;—return it safe into thy bosom to keep it warm;—little do'st thou know what obstacles;—little do'st thou think what hidden causes retard its operation! Hast thou, Dr Slop,—hast thou been entrusted with the secret articles of this solemn treaty which has brought thee into this place?—Art thou aware that, at this instant, a daughter of Lucina is put obstetrically over thy head? Alas! 'tis too true. Besides, great son of Pilumnus! what can'st thou do?—Thou hast come forth unarmed;—thou hast left thy *tire tête*,—thy new invented *forceps*,—thy *crotchet*,—thy *squirt*,—and all thy instruments of salvation and deliverance behind thee.—By Heaven! at this moment they are hanging up in a green baize bag, betwixt thy two pistols, at thy bed's head!—Ring;—call;—send—Obadiah back upon the coach-horse to bring them with all speed.

—Make great haste, Obadiah, quoth my father, and I'll give thee a crown;—and, quoth my uncle Toby, I'll give him another.

C H A P. XII.

YOUR sudden and unexpected arrival, quoth my uncle Toby, addressing himself to Dr Slop, (all three of them sitting down to the fire together, as my uncle Toby began to speak)—instantly brought the great Stevinus into my head, who, you must know, is a favourite author with me.—Then, added my father, making use of the argument *Ad Crumenam*,—I will lay twenty guineas to a single crown-piece (which will serve to give away to Obadiah when he gets back) that this same Stevinus was some engineer or other,—or has wrote something or other, either directly or indirectly upon the science of fortification.

He has so,—replied my uncle Toby.—I knew it, said my father;—tho', for the soul of me, I cannot see what kind of connection there can be betwixt Dr Slop's sudden coming, and a discourse upon fortification,—yet I feared it.—Talk of what we will, brother,—or let the occasion be never so foreign or unfit for the subject,—you are sure to bring it in: I would not, brother Toby, continued my father,—I declare I would not have my head so full of curtains and horn-works—That, I dare say, you would not, quoth Dr Slop, interrupting him, and laughing most immoderately at his pun.

Dennis the critic could not detest and abhor a pun, or the insinuation of a pun, more cordially than my father;—he would grow testy upon it at any time;—but to be broke in upon by one, in a serious discourse, was as bad, he would say, as a filip upon the nose;—he saw no difference.

Sir, quoth my uncle Toby, addressing himself to Dr Slop,—the curtains my brother Shandy mentions here, have nothing to do with bedsteads;—tho' I know, Du Cange says, "That bed-curtains, in all probability, have taken their name from them;"—nor have the horn-works, he speaks of, any thing in the world to do with the horn-works of cuckoldom:—But the *curtain*, Sir, is the word we use in fortification, for that part of the wall or rampart which lies between the two bastions

and

and joins them.—Besiegers seldom offer to carry on their attacks directly against the curtain, for this reason, because they are so well *flanked*; ('tis the case of other curtains, quoth Dr Slop, laughing) however, continued my uncle Toby, to make sure, we generally chuse to place ravelins before them, taking care only to extend them beyond the fossé or ditch:—The common men, who know very little of fortification, confound the ravelin and the half-moon together—tho' they are very different things;—not in their figure or construction, for we make them exactly alike in all points;—for they always consist of two faces, making a salient angle, with the gorges, not straight, but in form of a crescent.—Where then lies the difference? (quoth my father, a little testily.)—In their situations, answered my uncle Toby;—for when a ravelin, brother, stands before the curtain, it is a ravelin; and when a ravelin stands before a bastion, then the ravelin is not a ravelin;—it is a half-moon;—a half-moon likewise is a half-moon, and no more, so long as it stands before its bastion;—but was it to change place, and get before the curtain,—'twould be no longer a half-moon;—a half-moon, in that case, is not a half-moon;—'tis no more than a ravelin.—I think, quoth my father, that the noble science of defence has its weak sides,—as well as others.

—As for the horn-works (heigh-ho! sighed my father) which, continued my uncle Toby, my brother was speaking of, they are a very considerable part of an out-work;—they are called by the French engineers, *Ouvrage a corne*, and we generally make them to cover such places as we suspect to be weaker than the rest;—they're form'd by two epaulements or demibastions,—they are very pretty, and if you would take a walk, I'll engage to shew you one well worth your trouble.—I own, continued my uncle Toby, when we crown them, —they are much stronger, but then they are very expensive, and take up a great deal of ground; so that, in my opinion, they are of most use to cover or defend the head of a camp; otherwise the double tenaille.—By the mother who bore us!—brother Toby,

quoth my father, not able to hold out any longer,—you would provoke a faint;—here have you got us, I know not how, not only soufe into the middle of the old subject again:—But so full is your head of these confounded works, that tho' my wife is this moment in the pains of labour,—and you hear her cry out,—yet nothing will serve you but carry off the man-midwife.—*Accoucheur*, if you please, quoth Dr Slop — With all my heart, replied my father, I don't care what they call you,—but I wish the whole science of fortification, with all its inventors at the Devil;—it has been the death of thousands,——and it will be mine in the end.—I would not, I would not, brother Toby, have my brains so full of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, palisadoes, ravelins, half-moons, and such trumpery, to be proprietor of Namur, and of all the towns in Flanders with it.

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries; not from want of courage,—I have told you in the fifth chapter of this second book, “That he was a man of courage:”—And will add here, that, where just occasions presented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whose arm I would have sooner taken shelter; nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts;—for he felt this insult of my father's as feelingly as a man could do;—but he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up so kindly within him; my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:

—Go,—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—go, poor Devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

I was but ten years old when this happened;—but whether it was, that the action itself was more in unison

son to my nerves at that age of pity, which instantly set my whole frame into one vibration of most pleasurable sensation;—or how far the manner and expression of it might go towards it;—or in what degree, or by what secret magic,——a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a passage to my heart, I know not;——this I know, that the lesson of universal good-will, then taught and imprinted by my uncle Toby, has never since been worn out of my mind: And tho' I would not depreciate what the study of the *Literæ Humaniores* at the university, have done for me in that respect, or discredit the other helps of an expensive education bestowed upon me, both at home and abroad since;——yet I often think that I owe one half of my philanthropy to that one accidental impression.

☞ This is to serve for parents and governors instead of a whole volume upon the subject.

I could not give the reader this stroke in my uncle Toby's picture, by the instrument with which I drew the other parts of it,——that taking in no more than the mere HOBBY-HORSICAL likeness;——this is a part of his moral character. My father, in this patient endurance of wrongs, which I mention, was very different, as the reader must long ago have noted; he had a much more acute and quick sensibility of nature, attended with a little sourness of temper; tho' this never transported him to any thing which looked like malignancy,——yet, in the little rubs and vexations of life, 'twas apt to shew itself in a drollish and witty kind of peevishness:—He was, however, frank and generous in his nature,—at all times open to conviction; and in the little ebullitions of his subacid humour towards others, but particularly towards my uncle Toby, whom he truly loved,—he would feel more pain, ten times told, (except in the affair of my aunt Dinah, or where an hypothesis was concerned) than what he ever gave.

The characters of the two brothers, in this view of them, reflected light upon each other, and appeared with great advantage in this affair which rose about Stevinus.

I need not tell the reader, if he keeps a HOBBY-HORSE,—that a man's HOBBY-HORSE is as tender a part as he has about him; and that these unprovoked strokes at my uncle Toby's, could not be unfelt by him. —No;—as I said above, my uncle Toby did feel them, and very sensibly too.

Pray, Sir, what said he?—How did he behave? —Oh, Sir!—it was great: For as soon as my father had done insulting his HOBBY-HORSE,—he turned his head, without the least emotion, from Dr Slop, to whom he was addressing his discourse, and looking up into my father's face with a countenance spread over with so much good nature;—so placid;—so fraternal;—so inexpressibly tender towards him;—it penetrated my father to his heart: He rose up hastily from his chair, and seizing hold of both my uncle Toby's hands as he spoke:—Brother Toby, said he,—I beg thy pardon;—forgive, I pray thee, this rash humour which my mother gave me.—My dear, dear brother, answered my uncle Toby, rising up by my father's help, say no more about it;—you are heartily welcome had it been ten times as much, brother.

But 'tis ungenerous, replied my father, to hurt any man;—a brother worse;—but to hurt a brother of such gentle manners,—so unprovoking,—and so unrepenting,—'tis base:—By Heaven, 'tis cowardly.—You are heartily welcome, brother, quoth my uncle Toby,—had it been fifty times as much.—Besides, what have I to do, my dear Toby, cried my father, either with your amusements or your pleasures, unless it was in my power (which it is not) to increase their measure?

—Brother Shandy, answered my uncle Toby, looking wistfully in his face,—you are much mistaken in this point;—for you do increase my pleasure very much, in begetting children for the Shandy Family at your time of life.—But, by that, Sir, quoth Dr Slop, Mr Shandy increases his own.—Not a jot, quoth my father.

C H A P. XIII.

MY brother does it, quoth my uncle Toby, out of *principle*.—In a family-way, I suppose, quoth Dr Slop.—Pshaw!—said my father,—’tis not worth talking of.

C H A P. XIV.

AT the end of the last chapter, my father and my uncle Toby were left both standing like Brutus and Cassius, at the close of the scene, making up their accompts.

As my father spoke the three last words,—he sat down;—my uncle Toby exactly followed his example, only, that before he took his chair, he rung the bell, to order corporal Trim, who was in waiting, to step home for Stevinus;—my uncle Toby’s house being no further off than the opposite side of the way.

Some men would have dropped the subject of Stevinus;—but my uncle Toby had no resentment in his heart, and he went on with the subject, to shew my father that he had none.

Your sudden appearance, Dr Slop, quoth my uncle, resuming the discourse, instantly brought Stevinus into my head.—(My father, you may be sure, did not offer to lay any more wagers upon Stevinus’s head.)—Because, continued my uncle Toby, the celebrated sailing chariot, which belonged to prince Maurice, and was of such wonderful contrivance and velocity, as to carry half a dozen people thirty German miles, in I don’t know how few minutes,—was invented by Stevinus that great mathematician and engineer.

You might have spared your servant the trouble, quoth Dr Slop, (as the fellow is lame) of going for Stevinus’s account of it, because, in my return from Leyden thro’ the Hague, I walked as far as Schevling, which is two long miles, on purpose to take a view of it.

—That’s nothing, replied my uncle Toby, to what the learned Peirelkins did, who walked the matter of
of

of five hundred miles, reckoning from Paris to Schevling, and from Schevling to Paris back again, in order to see it,—and nothing else.

Some men cannot bear to be out-gone.

The more fool Peireskius, replied Dr Slop. But mark—'twas out of no contempt of Peireskius at all;—but that Peireskius's indefatigable labour in trudging so far on foot out of love for the sciences, reduced the exploit of Dr Slop, in that affair, to nothing;—the more fool Peireskius, said he again:—Why so?—replied my father, taking his brother's part, not only to make reparation as fast as he could for the insult he had given him, which sat still upon my father's mind;—but partly, that my father began really to interest himself in the discourse;—why so?—said he; why is Peireskius, or any man else, to be abused for an appetite for that, or any other morsel of sound knowledge? For, notwithstanding I know nothing of the chariot in question, continued he, the inventor of it must have had a very mechanical head; and tho' I cannot guess upon what principles of philosophy he has atchieved it;—yet certainly his machine has been constructed upon solid ones, be they what they will, or it could not have answered at the rate my brother mentions.

It answered, replied my uncle Toby, as well, if not better; for, as Peireskius elegantly expresses it, speaking of the velocity of its motion, *Tam citus erat, quam erat ventus*; which, unless I have forgot my Latin, is, that it was as swift as the wind itself.

But pray, Dr Slop, quoth my father, interrupting my uncle, (tho' not without begging pardon for it, at the same time) upon what principles was this self-same chariot set a-going?—Upon very pretty principles to be sure, replied Dr Slop;—and I have often wondered, continued he, evading the question, why none of our gentry, who live upon large plains like this of ours,——(especially they whose wives are not past child-bearing) attempt nothing of this kind; for it would not only be infinitely expeditious upon sudden calls, to which the sex is subject,——if the wind only served——but would be excellent good husbandry to make use of the winds, which cost nothing, and which

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eat nothing, rather than horses, which (the Devil take 'em) both cost and eat a great deal.

For that very reason, replied my father, "Because they cost nothing, and because they eat nothing"—the scheme is bad;—it is the consumption of our products, as well as the manufacture of them, which gives bread to the hungry, circulates trade,—brings in money, and supports the value of our lands:—and though, I own, if I was a prince, I would generously recompense the scientific head which brought forth such contrivances;—yet I would as peremptorily suppress the use of them.

My father here had got into his element,—and was going on as prosperously with his dissertation upon trade, as my uncle Toby had before, upon his of fortification;—but, to the loss of much sound knowledge, the destinies in the morning had decreed that no dissertation of any kind should be spun by my father that day;—for, as he opened his mouth to begin the next sentence,——

C H A P. XV.

IN popped corporal Trim with Stevinus:—But 'twas too late,——all the discourse had been exhausted without him, and was running into a new channel.

—You may take the book home again, Trim, said my uncle Toby, nodding to him.

But pr'ythee, corporal, quoth my father, drolling, —look first into it, and see if thou can'st spy aught of a sailing chariot in it.

Corporal Trim, by being in the service, had learned to obey,—and not to remonstrate;——so taking the book to a side-table, and running over the leaves; An' please your honour, said Trim, I can see no such thing;—however, continued the corporal, drolling a little in his turn, I'll make sure work of it, an' please your honour;—so, taking hold of the two covers of the book, one in each hand, and letting the leaves fall down, as he bent the covers back, he gave the book a good sound shake.

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There is something fallen out, however, said Trim, an' please your honour ; but it is not a chariot, or any thing like one :—Pr'ythee, corporal, said my father, smiling, what is it then ?—I think, answered Trim, stooping to take it up,—'tis more like a sermon,—for it begins with a text of scripture, and the chapter and verse ; and then goes on, not as a chariot,—but like a sermon directly.

The company smiled.

I cannot conceive how it is possible, quoth my uncle Toby, for such a thing as a sermon to have got into my Stevinus.

I think 'tis a sermon, replied Trim ;——but if it please your honours, as it is a fair hand, I will read you a page :——For Trim, you must know, loved to hear himself read almost as well as talk.

I have ever a strong propensity, said my father, to look into things which cross my way, by such strange fatalities as these ;—and as we have nothing better to do, at least till Obadiah gets back, I should be obliged to you, brother, if Dr Slop has no objection to it, to order the corporal to give us a page or two of it,—if he is as able to do it as he seems willing. An' please your honour, quoth Trim, I officiated two whole campaigns in Flanders, as clerk to the chaplain of the regiment.—He can read it, quoth my uncle Toby, as well as I can.—Trim, I assure you, was the best scholar in my company, and should have had the next halbert, but for the poor fellow's misfortune. Corporal Trim laid his hand upon his heart, and made an humble bow to his master ;—then laying down his hat upon the floor, and taking up the sermon in his left hand, in order to have his right at liberty,—he advanced, nothing doubting, into the middle of the room, where he could best see, and be best seen by his audience.

C H A P. XVI.

——If you have any objection,—said my father, addressing himself to Dr Slop :—Not in the least, replied Dr Slop ;—for it does not appear on which side of the question it is wrote ;——it may be a composition

sition of a divine of our church, as well as yours——so that we run equal risks.—'tis wrote upon neither side, quoth Trim, for 'tis only upon *Conscience*, an' please your honours.

Trim's reason put his audience into good humour—all but Dr Slop, who, turning his head about towards Trim, looked a little angry.

Begin, Trim,—and read distinctly, quoth my father.—I will, an' please your honour, replied the corporal, making a bow, and bespeaking attention with a slight movement of his right hand.

C H A P. XVII.

——But before the corporal begins, I must first give you a description of his attitude ;——otherwise he will naturally stand represented, by your imagination, in an uneasy posture,—stiff,—perpendicular,—dividing the weight of his body equally upon both legs ;——his eye fixed as if on duty ;—his look determined,—clinchin' the sermon in his left hand, like his firelock :——In a word, you would be apt to paint Trim, as if he was standing in his platoon ready for action :—His attitude was as unlike all this as you can conceive.

He stood before them with his body swayed, and bent forwards just so far, as to make an angle of 85 degrees and a half upon the plane of the horizon,—which sound orators, to whom I address this, know very well to be the true persuasive angle of incidence ;——in any other angle you may talk and preach,—'tis certain,—and it is done every day ;—but with what effect,—I leave the world to judge !

The necessity of this precise angle of 85 degrees and a half, to a mathematical exactness,—does it not shew us, by the way, how the arts and sciences mutually befriend each other ?

How the duce corporal Trim, who knew not so much as an acute angle from an obtuse one, came to hit it so exactly ;—or whether it was chance, or nature, or good sense, or imitation, &c. shall be commented upon in that part of this cyclopædia of arts and sciences, where
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the instrumental parts of the eloquence of the senate, the pulpit, and the bar, the coffee-house, the bed-chamber, and fire-side, fall under consideration.

He stood,—for I repeat it, to take the picture of him in at one view, with his body swayed, and somewhat bent forwards,—his right leg firm under him, sustaining seven eighths of his whole weight,—the foot of his left leg, the defect of which was no disadvantage to his attitude, advanced a little,—not laterally, nor forwards, but in a line betwixt them ;—his knee bent, but that not violently,—but so as to fall within the limits of the line of beauty ;—and I add, of the line of science too ;——for, consider, it had one-eighth part of his body to bear up ;—so that, in this case, the position of the leg is determined,—because the foot could be no further advanced, or the knee more bent, than what would allow him, mechanically, to receive an eighth part of his whole weight upon it,——and to carry it too.

☞ This I recommend to painters ;—need I add,—to orators ?—I think not ; for unless they practise it, —they must fall upon their noses.

So much for corporal Trim's body and legs.—He held the sermon loosely,—not carelessly, in his left hand, raised something above his stomach, and detached a little from his breast ;—his right arm falling negligently by his side, as nature and the laws of gravity ordered it,—but with the palm of it open and turned towards his audience, ready to aid the sentiment, in case it stood in need.

Corporal Trim's eyes, and the muscles of his face, were in full harmony with the other parts of him ;—he looked frank,—unconstrained,—something assured,—but not bordering upon assurance.

Let not the critic ask, how corporal Trim could come by all this ; I've told him it should be explained ;—but so he stood before my father, my uncle Toby, and Dr Slop,—so swayed his body, so contrasted his limbs, and with such an oratorical sweep throughout the whole figure,—a statuary might have modelled from it ;—nay, I doubt whether the oldest fellow of a college,

college,—or the Hebrew professor himself, could have much mended it.

Trim made a bow, and read as follows :

The S E R M O N.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

—For we trust we have a good conscience.—

“ **T**RUST!——Trust we have a good conscience !”

[Certainly Trim, quoth my father, interrupting him, you give that sentence a very improper accent ; for you curl up your nose, man, and read it with such a sneering tone, as if the parson was going to abuse the apostle.

He is, an’ please your honour, replied Trim. Pugh ! said my father, smiling.

Sir, quoth Dr Slop, Trim is certainly in the right ; for the writer, (who I perceive is a protestant) by the snappish manner in which he takes up the apostle, is certainly going to abuse him,——if this treatment of him has not done it already. But from whence, replied my father, have you concluded so soon, Dr Slop, that the writer is of our church ?——for aught I can see yet,——he may be of any church.——Because, answered Dr Slop, if he was of ours, he durst no more take such a license,——than a bear by his beard :

——If in our communion, Sir, a man was to insult an apostle,—a saint,—or even the paring of a saint’s nail,—he would have his eye scratched out.—What, by the saint ? quoth my uncle Toby. No ; replied Dr Slop,—he would have an old house over his head. Pray is the Inquisition an ancient building, answered my uncle Toby, or is it a modern one ?—I know nothing of architecture, replied Dr Slop.——An’ please your honours, quoth Trim, the Inquisition is the vilest —Pr’ythee spare thy description, Trim, I hate the very name of it, said my father.—No matter for that answered Dr Slop,—it has its uses ; for tho’ I am no great advocate for it, yet in such cases as this, he would soon be

be taught better manners ; and I can tell him, if he went on at that rate, would be flung into the Inquisition for his pains. God help him then, quoth my uncle Toby. Amen, added Trim ; for, heaven above knows, I have a poor brother who has been fourteen years a captive in it.—I never heard one word of it before, said my uncle Toby, hastily :—How came he there, Trim ?—O, Sir ! the story will make your heart bleed,—as it has made mine a thousand times ; —but it is too long to be told now ;—your honour shall hear it from first to last, some day when I am working beside you in our fortification ;—but the short of the story is this :—That my brother Tom went over a servant to Lisbon,—and then married a Jew's widow, who kept a small shop, and sold sausages, which, some how or other, was the cause of his being taken in the middle of the night out of his bed, where he was lying with his wife and two small children, and carried directly to the Inquisition ; where, God help him, continued Trim, fetching a sigh from the bottom of his heart,—the poor honest lad lies confined at this hour ;—he was as honest a soul, added Trim, (pulling out his handkerchief) as ever blood warmed.——

——The tears trickled down Trim's cheeks faster than he could well wipe them away :—A dead silence in the room ensued for some minutes.—Certain proof of pity !

Come, Trim, quoth my father, after he saw the poor fellow's grief had gotten a little vent,—read on, and put this melancholy story out of thy head :—I grieve that I interrupted thee ;—but pr'ythee begin the sermon again ;—for if the first sentence in it is matter of abuse, as thou sayest, I have a great desire to know what kind of provocation the apostle has given.

Corporal Trim wiped his face, and returning his handkerchief into his pocket, and making a bow as he did it, he began again.]

The S E R M O N.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

—For we trust we have a good conscience.—

“**T**RUST! trust we have a good conscience! Surely if there is any thing in this life which a man may depend upon, and to the knowledge of which he is capable of arriving upon the most indisputable evidence, it must be this very thing,——whether he has a good conscience or no.”

[I am positive I am right, quoth Dr Slop.]

“If a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a stranger to the true state of this account;—he must be privy to his own thoughts and desires;—he must remember his past pursuits, and know certainly the true springs and motives which, in general, have governed the actions of his life.”

[I defy him, without an assistant, quoth Dr Slop.]

“In other matters we may be deceived by false appearances;—and, as the wise man complains, *hardly do we guess aright at the things that are upon the earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us.* But here the mind has all the evidence and facts within herself;—is conscious of the web she has wove;——knows its texture and fineness, and the exact share which every passion has had, in working upon the several designs which virtue or vice has planned before her.”

[The language is good, and I declare Trim reads very well, quoth my father.]

“Now, as conscience is nothing else but the knowledge which the mind has within herself of this; and the judgment, either of approbation or censure, which it unavoidably makes upon the successive actions of our lives; ’tis plain, you will say, from the very terms of the proposition,——whenever this inward testimony goes against a man and he stands self-accused,——that he must necessarily be a guilty man.—And, on the contrary, when the report is favourable

avourable on his side, and his heart condemns him not ; ——— that it is not a matter of *trust*, as the apostle intimates, ——— but a matter of *certainty* and fact, that the conscience is good, and that the man must be good also.”

[Then the apostle is altogether in the wrong, I suppose, quoth Dr Slop, and the protestant divine is in the right.—Sir, have patience, replied my father, for I think it will presently appear that St Paul and the protestant divine are both of an opinion.—As nearly so, quoth Dr Slop, as East is to West ;—but this, continued he, lifting both hands, comes from the liberty of the press.

It is no more, at the worst, replied my uncle Toby, than the liberty of the pulpit ; for it does not appear that the sermon is printed or ever likely to be.

Go on, Trim, quoth my father.]

“ At first sight this may seem to be a true state of the case ; and I make no doubt but the knowledge of right and wrong is so truly impressed upon the mind of man, ——— that, did no such thing ever happen, as that the conscience of a man, by long habits of sin, might (as the scripture assures us it may) insensibly become hard ;—and, like some tender parts of his body, by much stress and continual hard usage, lose, by degrees, that nice sense and perception with which God and nature endowed it.—Did this never happen ;—— or was it certain that self-love could never hang the least bias upon the judgment ;——or that the little interests below, could rise up and perplex the faculties of our upper-regions, and encompass them about with clouds and thick darkness :—Could no such thing as favour and affection enter this sacred COURT :—Did WIT disdain to take a bribe in it ;——or was ashamed to shew its face as an advocate for an unwarrantable enjoyment :—Or, lastly, were we assured, that INTEREST stood always unconcerned whilst the cause was hearing, ——— and that passion never got into the judgment seat, and pronounced sentence in the stead of reason, which is supposed always to pre-
side and determine upon the case :——Was this truly so, as the objection must suppose ;——no doubt, then, the religious and moral state of a man would
be

be exactly what he himself esteemed it ;—and the guilt or innocence of every man's life could be known, in general, by no better measure, than the degrees of his own approbation and censure.

“ I own, in one case, whenever a man's conscience does accuse him, (as it seldom errs on that side) that he is guilty ; and, unless in melancholy and hypochondriack cases, we may safely pronounce upon it, that there are always sufficient grounds for the accusation.

“ But the converse of the proposition will not hold true ;—namely, that whenever there is guilt, the conscience must accuse ; and, if it does not, that a man is therefore innocent.—This is not fact :—So that the common consolation, which some good Christian or other, is hourly administering to himself,——that he thanks God his mind does not misgive him ; and that, consequently, he has a good conscience, because he hath a quiet one,—is fallacious ;—and as current as the inference is, and as infallible as the rule appears at first sight, yet, when you look nearer to it, and try the truth of this rule upon plain facts,——you see it liable to so much error from a false application ;—the principle upon which it goes so often perverted ;—the whole force of it lost, and sometimes so vilely cast away, that it is painful to produce the common examples from human life which confirm the account.

“ A man shall be vicious and utterly debauched in his principles ;—exceptionable in his conduct to the world ;—shall live shameless, in the open commission of a sin which no reason or pretence can justify ;—a sin, by which, contrary to all the workings of humanity, he shall ruin for ever the deluded partner of his guilt ;—rob her of her best dowry ;—and not only cover her own head with dishonour,—but involve a whole virtuous family in shame and sorrow for her sake.—Surely, you will think, conscience must lead such a man a troublesome life ;—he can have no rest night or day from its reproaches.

“ Alas ! CONSCIENCE had something else to do, all this time, than break in upon him ; as Elijah re-

proached the god Baal,——this domestic god *was either talking, or pursuing, or was in a journey, or per-adventure he slept, and could not be awoke.*

“ Perhaps HE was gone out in company with HONOUR to fight a duel ;——to pay off some debt at play ;——or dirty annuity, the bargain of his lust : Perhaps CONSCIENCE, all this time, was engaged at home, talking aloud against petty-larceny, and executing vengeance upon some such puny crimes as his fortune and rank in life secured him against all temptation of committing ; so that he lives as merrily,” [If he was of our church tho’, quoth Dr Slop, he could not.]——“ sleeps as soundly in his bed ;——and at last meets death as unconcernedly ;——perhaps much more so than a much better man.”

[All this is impossible with us, quoth Dr Slop, turning to my father,——the case could not happen in our church.——It happens in ours, however, replied my father, but too often.——I own, quoth Dr Slop, (struck a little with my father’s frank acknowledgement)——that a man in the Romish church may live as badly ;——but then he cannot easily die so.—’Tis little matter, replied my father, with an air of indifference,——how a rascal dies.——I mean, answered Dr Slop, he would be denied the benefits of the last sacraments.—Pray how many have you in all, said my uncle Toby,——for I always forget ?——Seven, answered Dr Slop.—Humph !——said my uncle Toby——tho’ not accented as a note of acquiescence,——but as an interjection of that particular species of surprise, when a man, in looking into a drawer, finds more of a thing than he expected.—Humph ! replied my uncle Toby.—Dr Slop, who had an ear, understood my uncle Toby as well as if he had wrote a whole volume against the seven sacraments.—Humph ! replied Dr Slop, (flating my uncle Toby’s argument over again to him)——Why, Sir, are there not seven cardinal virtues ?——Seven mortal sins ?——Seven golden candlesticks ?——Seven heavens ?——’Tis more than I know, replied my uncle Toby.—Are there not seven wonders of the world !——Seven days of the creation ?——Seven planets ?——Seven plagues ?——

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That there are, quoth my father, with a most affected gravity. But pr'ythee, continued he, go on with the rest of thy characters, Trim.)

“ Another is sordid, unmerciful, (here Trim waved his right hand) a strait-hearted, selfish wretch, incapable either of private friendship or public spirit. Take notice how he passes by the widow and orphan in their distress, and sees all the miseries incident to human life without a sigh or a prayer.” [An' please your honours, cried Trim, I think this a viler man than the other.]

“ Shall not conscience rise up and sting him on such occasions?—No; thank God there is no occasion; *I pay every man his own;—I have no fornication to answer to my conscience;—no faithless vows or promises to make up;—I have debauched no man's wife or child: thank God, I am not as other men, adulterers, unjust, or even as this libertine, who stands before me.*

“ A third is crafty and designing in his nature. View his whole life—'tis nothing but a cunning contexture of dark arts and unequitable subterfuges, basely to defeat the true intent of all laws,—plain dealing, and the safe enjoyment of our several properties.——You will see such a one working out a frame of little designs upon the ignorance and perplexities of the poor and needy man;—shall raise a fortune upon the inexperience of a youth, or the unsuspecting temper of his friend, who would have trusted him with his life.

“ When old age comes on, and repentance calls him to look back upon this black account, and state it over again with his conscience,——CONSCIENCE looks into the STATUTES at LARGE;—finds no express law broken by what he has done;—perceives no penalty or forfeiture of goods and chattels incurred;—sees no scourge waving over his head, or prison opening its gates for him:—What is there to affright his conscience?—Conscience has got safely intrenched behind the Letter of the Law; sits there invulnerable, fortified with CASES and REPORTS so strongly on all sides,—that it is not preaching can dispossess it of its hold.”

[Here corporal Trim and my uncle Toby exchanged looks with each other.—Ay,—ay, Trim! quoth my uncle Toby, shaking his head,—these are but sorry fortifications, Trim.—O! very poor work, answered Trim, to what your honour and I make of it.—The character of this last man, said Dr Slop, interrupting Trim, is more detestable than all the rest;—and seems to have been taken from some pettifogging lawyer amongst you:—Amongst us a man's conscience could not possibly continue so long *blinded*;—three times in a year, at least, he must go to confession.—Will that restore it to sight? quoth my uncle Toby.—Go on, Trim, quoth my father, or Obadiah will have got back before thou hast got to the end of thy sermon;—'tis a very short one, replied Trim.—I wish it was longer, quoth my uncle Toby, for I like it hugely.—Trim went on.]

“ A fourth man shall want even this refuge;—shall break through all their ceremony of slow chicane;—scorns the doubtful workings of secret plots and cautious trains to bring about his purpose:—See the bare-faced villain, how he cheats, lies, perjures, robs, murders!—Horrid!—But indeed much better was not to be expected, in the present case,——the poor man was in the dark!—his priest had got the keeping of his conscience;—and all he would let him know of it, was, That he must believe in the pope;—go to mass;—cross himself;—tell his beads;—be a good Catholic; and that this, in all conscience, was enough to carry him to heaven. What—if he perjures!—Why;—he had a mental reservation in it.—But if he is so wicked and abandoned a wretch as you represent him;—if he robs,—if he stabs,—will not conscience, on every such act, receive a wound itself? Ay,—but the man has carried it to confession;—the wound digests there, and will do well enough, and in a short time be quite healed up by absolution. O Popery! what hast thou to answer for?—when, not content with the too many natural and fatal ways, thro' which the heart of man is every day thus treacherous to itself above all things;—thou hast wilfully set open this wide gate of
deceit

deceit before the face of this unwary traveller, too apt, God knows, to go astray of himself; and confidently speak peace to himself, when there is no peace.

“ Of this the common instances which I have drawn out of life, are too notorious to require much evidence. If any man doubts the reality of them, or thinks it impossible for a man to be such a bubble to himself,—I must refer him a moment to his own reflections, and will then venture to trust my appeal with his own heart.

“ Let him consider in how different a degree of detestation, numbers of wicked actions stand *there*, tho’ equally bad and vicious in their own natures;—he will soon find, that such of them, as strong inclination and custom have prompted him to commit, are generally dressed out and painted with all the false beauties, which a soft and a flattering hand can give them;—and that the others, to which he feels no propensity, appear, at once, naked and deformed, surrounded with all the true circumstances of folly and dishonour.

“ When David surpris’d Saul sleeping in the cave, and cut off the skirt of his robe,—we read his heart smote him for what he had done:—But in the matter of Uriah, where a faithful and gallant servant, whom he ought to have loved and honoured, fell to make way for his lust,—where conscience had so much greater reason to take the alarm, his heart smote him not. A whole year had almost passed, from the first commission of that crime, to the time Nathan was sent to reprove him; and we read not once of the least sorrow or compunction of heart which he testified, during all that time, for what he had done.

“ Thus conscience, this once able monitor,—placed on high as a judge within us, and intended by our Maker as a just and equitable one too,—by an unhappy train of causes and impediments, takes often such imperfect cognizance of what passes,—does its office so negligently,—sometimes so corruptly,—
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that it is not to be trusted alone ; and therefore we find there is a necessity, an absolute necessity, of joining another principle with it, to aid, if not govern, its determinations.

“ So that, if you would form a just judgment of what is of infinite importance to you not to be misled in,—namely, in what degree of real merit you stand either as an honest man, an useful citizen, a faithful subject to your king, or a good servant to your God,—call in religion and morality.—Look,—what is written in the law of God?—How readest thou?—Consult calm reason and the unchangeable obligations of justice and truth ;—what say they ?

“ Let CONSCIENCE determine the matter upon these reports ;——and then if thy heart condemns thee not, which is the case the apostle supposes,——the rule will be infallible,” [Here Dr Slop fell asleep.] “ *thou wilt have confidence towards God ;*——that is, have just grounds to believe the judgment thou hast passed upon thyself, is the judgment of God ; and nothing else but an anticipation of that righteous sentence which will be pronounced upon thee hereafter by that Being to whom thou art finally to give an account of thy actions.

“ *Blessed is the man*, indeed then, as the author of the book of Ecclesiasticus expresses it, *who is not pricked with the multitude of his sins : Blessed is the man whose heart hath not condemned him ; whether he be rich, or whether he be poor, if he have a good heart, (a heart thus guided and informed) he shall at all times rejoice in a cheerful countenance ; his mind shall tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above upon a tower on high.*”——[A tower has no strength, quoth my uncle Toby, unless 'tis flanked.] “ In the darkest doubts it shall conduct him safer than a thousand casuists, and give the state he lives in a better security for his behaviour than all the clauses and restrictions put together, which law-makers are forced to multiply :——*Forced*, I say, as things stand ; human laws not being a matter of original choice, but of pure necessity, brought in to fence against the mischievous effects

effects of those consciences which are no law unto themselves ; well intending, by the many provisions made—that in all such corrupt and misguided cases, where principles and the checks of conscience will not make us upright, to supply their force, and, by the terrors of goals and halters, oblige us to it.

[I see plainly, said my father, that this sermon has been composed to be preached at the Temple,—or at some Assize.—I like the reasoning—and am sorry that Dr Slop has fallen asleep before the time of his conviction ;—for it is now clear that the parson, as I thought at first, never insulted St Paul in the least ;—nor has there been, brother, the least difference between them.—A great matter, if they had differed, replied my uncle Toby,—the best friends in the world may differ sometimes.—True,—brother Toby, quoth my father, shaking hands with him,—we'll fill our pipes, brother, and then Trim shall go on.

Well,———what dost thou think of it ? said my father, speaking to corporal Trim, as he reached his tobacco-box.

I think, answered the corporal, that the seven watchmen upon the tower, who, I suppose are all centinels there,—are more, an' please your honour, than were necessary ;—and, to go on at that rate, would harass a regiment all to pieces, which a commanding officer, who loves his men, will never do, if he can help it ; because two centinels, added the corporal, are as good as twenty.—I have been a commanding officer myself in the Corps de Garde a hundred times, continued Trim, (rising an inch higher in his figure, as he spoke)—and all the time I had the honour to serve his Majesty King William, in relieving the most considerable posts, I never left more than two in my life.—Very right, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby ;—but you do not consider, Trim, that the towers, in Solomon's days, were not such things as our bastions, flanked and defended by other works ;—this, Trim, was an invention since Solomon's death ; nor had they horn-works, or ravelins before the curtain, in his time ;—or such a fossé as we make, with a cuvette in the middle of it, and with covered ways, and counterscarps, palisadoed
along

along it, to guard against a *Coup de main* :—So that the seven men upon the tower were a party, I dare say, from the *Corps de Garde*, set there, not only to look out, but to defend it.—They could be no more, an' please your honour, than a corporal's guard.—My father smiled inwardly,—but not outwardly ;—the subject between my uncle Toby and corporal Trim being rather too serious, considering what had happened, to make a jest of :———So, putting his pipe into his mouth, which he had just lighted,—he contented himself with ordering Trim to read on. He read on as follows :]

“ To have the fear of God before our eyes, and, in our mutual dealings with each other, to govern our actions by the eternal measures of right and wrong :—The first of these will comprehend the duties of religion ;———the second, those of morality, which are so inseparably connected together, that you cannot divide these two *tables*, even in imagination, (tho' the attempt is often made in practice) without breaking and mutually destroying them both.

“ I said the attempt is often made, and so it is ;—there being nothing more common, than to see a man who has no sense at all of religion,——and indeed has so much honesty, as to pretend to none, who would take it as the bitterest affront, should you but hint at a suspicion of his moral character,—or imagine he was not conscientiously just and scrupulous to the uttermost mite.

“ When there is some appearance that it is so,—tho' one is unwilling even to suspect the appearance of so amiable a virtue as moral honesty, yet were we to look into the grounds of it, in the present case, I am persuaded we should find little reason to envy such a one the honour of his motive.

“ Let him declaim as pompously as he chuses upon the subject, it will be found to rest upon no better foundation than either his interest, his pride, his ease, or some such little and changeable passion, as will give us but small dependence upon his actions in matters of great stress.

“ I will

" I will illustrate this by an example.

" I know the banker I deal with, or the physician I usually call in," [There is no need, cried Dr Slop, (waking) to call in any physician in this case] " to be neither of them men of much religion : I hear them make a jest of it every day, and treat all its sanctions with so much scorn, as to put the matter past doubt. Well;—notwithstanding this, I put my fortune into the hands of the one,—and, what is dearer still to me, I trust my life to the honest skill of the other.

" Now, let me examine what is my reason for this great confidence.—Why, in the first place, I believe there is no probability that either of them will employ the power I put into their hands to my disadvantage ; —I consider that honesty serves the purposes of this life :—I know their success in the world depends upon the fairness of their characters.—In a word,—I'm persuaded that they cannot hurt me, without hurting themselves more.

" But put it otherwise, namely, that interest lay, for once, on the other side ; that a case should happen, wherein the one, without stain to his reputation, could secrete my fortune, and leave me naked in the world ; —or that the other could send me out of it, and enjoy an estate, by my death, without dishonour to himself or his art :—In this case, what hold have I of either of them?—Religion, the strongest of all motives, is out of the question :—Interest, the next most powerful motive in the world, is strongly against me :—What have I left to cast into the opposite scale, to balance this temptation?—Alas! I have nothing,—nothing but what is lighter than a bubble.—I must lie at the mercy of HONOUR, or some such capricious principle.—Strait security for two of the most valuable blessings ! —my property and my life.

" As, therefore, we can have no dependence upon morality without religion ; —so, on the other hand, there is nothing better to be expected from religion, without morality ; —nevertheless, 'tis no prodigy to see a man whose real moral character stands very low, who yet entertains the highest notion of himself, in the light of a religious man.

He

“ He shall not only be covetous, revengeful, implacable—but even wanting in points of common honesty; yet, inasmuch as he talks aloud against the infidelity of the age,—is zealous for some points of religion,—goes twice a-day to church,—attends the sacraments,—and amuses himself with a few instrumental parts of religion;—shall cheat his conscience into a judgment that, for this, he is a religious man, and has discharged truly his duty to God: And you will find that such a man, through force of his delusion, generally looks down with spiritual pride upon every other man who has less affectation of piety,—though, perhaps, ten times more real honesty than himself.

“ *This likewise is a fore evil under the sun*; and I believe there is no one mistaken principle, which, for its time, has wrought more serious mischiefs.—For a general proof of this,—examine the history of the Romish church;”—[Well what can you make of that, cried Dr Slop]—“see what scenes of cruelty, murders, rapine, blood-shed,” [They may thank their own obstinacy, cried Dr Slop] “have all been sanctified by a religion not strictly governed by morality.

“ In how many kingdoms of the world”—[Here Trim kept waving his right hand from the sermon to the extent of his arm, returning it backwards and forwards to the conclusion of the paragraph.]

“ In how many kingdoms of the world has the crusading sword of this misguided saint-errant spared neither age, or merit, or sex, or condition?—and, as he fought under the banners of a religion which set him loose from justice and humanity, he shewed none: mercilessly trampled upon both,—heard neither the cries of the unfortunate, nor pitied their distresses.”

[I have been in many a battle, an' please your honour, quoth Trim, fighting, but never in so melancholy a one as this.—I would not have drawn a trigger in it, against these poor souls,—to have been made a general officer.—Why, what do you understand of the affair? said Dr Slop, looking towards Trim with something more of contempt than the corporal's honest heart deserved—What do you know, friend, about this battle you talk

talk of?—I know, replied Trim, that I never refused quarter in my life to any man who cried out for it;—but to a woman or a child, continued Trim, before I would level my musket at them, I would lose my life a thousand times.—Here's a crown for thee, Trim, to drink with Obadiah to-night, quoth my uncle Toby, and I'll give Obadiah another too.—God bless your honour, replied Trim,—I had rather these poor women and children had it.—Thou art an honest fellow, quoth my uncle Toby.—My father nodded his head,—as much as to say,—and so he is.

But pr'ythee, Trim, said my father, make an end, —for I see thou hast but a leaf or two left.

Corporal Trim read on.]

“ If the testimony of past centuries in this matter is not sufficient,—consider, at this instant, how the votaries of that religion are every day thinking to do honour and service to God, by actions which are a dishonour and scandal to themselves.

“ To be convinced of this, go with me for a moment into the prisons of the Inquisition;” [God help my poor brother Tom.]——“ Behold *religion* with *mercy* and *justice* chained down under her feet,—there sitting ghastly upon a black tribunal propped up with racks and instruments of torment. Hark!—hark! what a piteous groan!”—[Here Trim's face turned as pale as ashes.] “ See the melancholy wretch who uttered it,”—[Here the tears began to trickle down.] “ just brought forth to undergo the anguish of a mock trial, and endure the utmost pains that a studied system of cruelty has been able to invent.”——[D——n them all, quoth Trim, his colour returning into his face as red as blood.]——“ Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors,—his body so wasted with sorrow and confinement.”—[Oh! 'tis my brother, cried poor Trim, in a most passionate exclamation, dropping the sermon upon the ground, and clapping his hands together,—I fear 'tis poor Tom. My father's and my uncle Toby's hearts yearned with sympathy for the poor fellow's distress,—even Slop himself acknowledged pity for him.——Why, Trim, said my father,

father, this is not a history,—'tis a sermon thou art reading;—pr'ythee begin the sentence again]—"Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors,——his body so wasted with sorrow and confinement, you will see every nerve and muscle as it suffers."

"Observe the last movement of that horrid engine!" [I would rather face a cannon, quoth Trim, stamping]—"See what convulsions it has thrown him into!—Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched,—what exquisite tortures he endures by it!"—[I hope 'tis not in Portugal]—" 'Tis all nature can bear!—Good God! see how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips!" [I would not read another line of it, quoth Trim, for all this world;—I fear, an' please your honours, all this is in Portugal, where my poor brother Tom is. I tell thee, Trim, again, quoth my father, 'tis not an historical account,—'tis a description.—'Tis only a description, honest man, quoth Slop, there's not a word of truth in it.—That's another story, replied my father.—However, as Trim reads it with so much concern,—'tis cruelty to force him to go on with it.—Give me hold of the sermon, Trim, I'll finish it for thee, and thou mayest go. I must stay and hear it too, replied Trim, if your honour will allow me;—tho' I would not read it myself for a colonel's pay,—Poor Trim! quoth my uncle Toby.—My father went on.]

"—Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched,—what exquisite torture he endures by it!——'Tis all nature can bear!——Good God! See how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips, willing to take its leave,——but not suffered to depart!——Behold the unhappy wretch led back to his cell!"—[Then, thank God, however, quoth Trim, they have not killed him]——
"See him dragged out of it again to meet the flames, and the insults in his last agonies, which this principle,—this principle, that there can be religion without mercy,—has prepared for him."

[Then, thank God, he is dead, quoth Trim,—he is out of his pain,—and they have done their worst at him,

him.—O Sirs!—Hold your peace, Trim, said my father, going on with the sermon, lest Trim should incense Dr Slop, we shall never have done at this rate.]

“ The surest way to try the merit of any disputed notion, is to trace down the consequences such a notion has produced, and compare them with the spirit of Christianity;——’tis the short and decisive rule which our Saviour hath left us, for these and such like cases, and it is worth a thousand arguments,—*By their fruits ye shall know them.*

“ I will add no farther to the length of this sermon, than by two or three short and independent rules deducible from it.

“ First, Whenever a man talks loudly against religion,———always suspect that it is not his reason, but his passions, which have got the better of his CREED. A bad life and a good belief are disagreeable and troublesome neighbours; and where they separate, depend upon it, ’tis no other cause but quietness sake.

“ Secondly, When a man, thus represented, tells you in any particular instance,——That such a thing goes *against* his conscience,——always believe he means exactly the same thing, as when he tells you, such a thing goes *against* his stomach;——a present want of appetite being generally the true cause of both.

“ In a word,——trust that man in nothing, who has not a CONSCIENCE in every thing.

“ And, in your own case, remember this plain distinction, a mistake in which has ruined thousands,——that your conscience is not a law:——No, God and reason made the law, and have placed conscience within you to determine;——not like an Asiatic Cadi, according to the ebbs and flows of his own passions,——but like a British judge in this land of liberty and good sense, who makes no new law, but faithfully declares that law which he knows already written.”

F I N I S.

Thou

Thou hast read the sermon extremely well, Trim, quoth my father.—If he had spared his comments, replied Dr Slop, he would have read it much better.—I should have read it ten times better, Sir, answered Trim, but that my heart was so full.—That was the very reason, Trim, replied my father, which has made thee read the sermon as well as thou hast done; and if the clergy of our church, continued my father, addressing himself to Dr Slop, would take part in what they deliver, as deeply as this poor fellow has done,—as their compositions are fine, (I deny it, quoth Dr Slop) I maintain it, that the eloquence of our pulpits, with such subjects to inflame it,—would be a model for the whole world:—But, alas! continued my father, and I own it, Sir, with sorrow, that, like French politicians in this respect, what they gain in the cabinet they lose in the field.—’Twere a pity, quoth my uncle, that this should be lost. I like the sermon well, replied my father,—’tis dramatic,—and there is something in that way of writing, when skilfully managed, which catches the attention.—We preach much in that way with us, said Dr Slop.—I know that very well, said my father,—but in a tone and manner which disgusted Dr Slop, full as much as his assent, simply, could have pleased him.—But in this, added Dr Slop, a little piqued,—our sermons have greatly the advantage, that we never introduce any character into them below a patriarch or a patriarch’s wife, or a martyr, or a saint.—There are some very bad characters in this, however, said my father; and I do not think the sermon a jot the worse for ’em.—But pray, quoth my uncle Toby,—whose can this be?—How could it get into my Stevinus? A man must be as great a conjurer as Stevinus, said my father, to resolve the second question:—The first, I think, is not so difficult;——for unless my judgment greatly deceives me, I know the author, for ’tis wrote, certainly, by the parson of the parish.

The similitude of the style and manner of it, with those my father constantly had heard preached in his parish-church, was the ground of his conjecture, proving it as strongly, as an argument, *à priori*, could prove such a thing to a philosophic mind, That it was Yorick’s, and no one’s else:—It was proved to be

so *à posteriori*, the day after, when Yorick sent a servant to my uncle Toby's house to enquire after it.

It seems that Yorick, who was inquisitive after all kinds of knowledge, had borrowed Stevinus of my uncle Toby, and had carelessly popped his sermon, as soon as he had made it, into the middle of Stevinus; and by an act of forgetfulness, to which he was ever subject, he had sent Stevinus home, and his sermon to keep him company.

Ill-fated sermon! Thou was lost after this recovery of thee, a second time, dropped thro' an unsuspected fissure in thy master's pocket, down into a treacherous and a tattered lining,—trod deep into the dirt by the left hind foot of his Rosinante, inhumanly stepping upon thee as thou fallest;—buried ten days in the mire,—raised up out of it by a beggar, sold for a half-penny to a parish clerk,—transferred to his parson,—lost for ever to thy own, the remainder of his days,—nor restored to his restless MANES till this very moment, that I tell the world the story.

Can the reader believe that this sermon of Yorick's was preached at an assize in the cathedral of York, before a thousand witnesses, ready to give oath of it, by a certain prebendary of that church, and actually printed by him when he had done,—and within so short a space as two years, and three months after Yorick's death.—Yorick, indeed, was never better served in his life;—but it was a little hard to mal-treat him after, and plunder him after he was laid in his grave.

However, as the gentleman who did it, was in perfect charity with Yorick,—and, in conscious justice, printed but a few copies to give away,—and that, I am told, he could moreover have made as good a one himself, had he thought fit,—I declare, I would not have published this anecdote to the world;—nor do I publish it with an intent to hurt his character and advancement in the church;—I leave that to others;—but I find myself impelled by two reasons, which I cannot withstand.

The first is, That, in doing justice, I may give rest to Yorick's ghost;—which,—as the country people, and some others believe,—*still walks*.

The

The second reason is, That, by laying open this story to the world, I gain an opportunity of informing it—That in case the character of parson Yorick, and this sample of his sermons is liked,——there are now in the possession of the Shandy Family, as many as will make a handsome volume, at the world's service,——and much good may they do it.

C H A P. XVIII.

OBADIAH gained the two crowns without dispute; for he came in jingling, with all the instruments in the green baize bag we spoke of, slung across his body, just as corporal Trim went out of the room.

It is now proper, I think, quoth Dr Slop, (clearing up his looks) as we are in a condition to be of some service to Mrs Shandy, to send up stairs to know how she goes on.

I have ordered, answered my father, the old midwife to come down to us upon the least difficulty;—for you must know, Dr Slop, continued my father, with a perplexed kind of a smile upon his countenance, that, by express treaty, solemnly ratified between me and my wife, you are no more than an auxiliary in this affair,——and not so much as that,——unless the lean old mother of a midwife above stairs cannot do without you.—Women have their particular fancies, and in points of this nature, continued my father, where they bear the whole burden, and suffer so much acute pain for the advantage of our families, and the good of the species,——they claim a right of deciding, *en Souveraines*, in whose hands, and in what fashion, they chuse to undergo it.

They are in the right of it, quoth my uncle Toby. But, Sir, replied Dr Slop, not taking notice of my uncle Toby's opinion, but turning to my father,——they had better govern in other points;—and a father of a family who wished its perpetuity, in my opinion, had better exchange this prerogative with them, and give up some other rights in lieu of it.—I know not, quoth my father, answering a little too testily, to be quite

quite dispassionate in what he said,—I know not, quoth he, what we have left to give up, in lieu of who shall bring our children into the world,—unless that—of who shall beget them.—One would almost give up any thing, replied Dr Slop.—I beg your pardon, answered my uncle Toby.——Sir, replied Dr Slop, it would astonish you to know what improvements we have made of late years in all branches of obstetrical knowledge, but particularly in that one single point of the safe and expeditious extraction of the *fœtus*,—which has received such lights, that, for my part, (holding up his hands) I declare I wonder how the world has—I wish, quoth my uncle Toby, you had seen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders.

C H A P. XIX.

I HAVE dropped the curtain over this scene for a minute,—to remind you of one thing,—and to inform you of another.

What I have to inform you, comes, I own, a little out of its due course ;—for it should have been told a hundred and fifty pages ago, but that I foresaw they 'twould come in pat hereafter, and be of more advantage here than elsewhere.—Writers had need look before them to keep up the spirit and connection of what they have in hand.

When these two things are done,—the curtain shall be drawn up again, and my uncle Toby, my father, and Dr Slop, shall go on with their discourse, without any more interruption.

First, then, the matter which I have to remind you of, is this ;——That, from the specimens of singularity in my father's notions in the point of Christian names, and that other point previous thereto,——you was led, I think, into an opinion, (and I am sure I said as much) that my father was a gentleman altogether as odd and whimsical in fifty other opinions. In truth, there was not a stage in the life of man, from the very first act of his begetting,——down to the lean and slippered pantaloon in his second childishness, but he had some favourite notion to himself, springing out

of it, as sceptical and as far out of the high way of thinking, as these two which have been explained.

—Mr Shandy, my father, Sir, would see nothing in the light in which others placed it ;—he placed things in his own light ;—he would weigh nothing in common scales ;—no,—he was too refined a researcher to lie open to so gross an imposition.—To come at the exact weight of things in the scientific steel yard, the fulcrum, he would say, should be almost invisible, to avoid all friction from popular tenets ;—without this the minutiae of philosophy, which should always turn the balance, will have no weight at all.—Knowledge, like matter, he would affirm, was divisible in *infinitum* ;—that the grains and scruples were as much a part of it, as the gravitation of the whole world.—In a word, he would say, error was error,—no matter where it fell,—whether in a fraction,—or a pound,—’twas alike fatal to truth, as she was kept down at the bottom of her well as inevitably by a mistake in the dust of a butterfly’s wing,—as in the disk of the sun, the moon, and all the stars of heaven put together.

He would often lament that it was for want of considering this properly, and of applying it skilfully to civil matters, as well as to speculative truths, that so many things in this world were out of joint ;—that the political arch was giving way ;—and that the very foundations of our excellent constitution, in church and state, were so sapped, as estimators had reported.

You cry out, he would say, we are a ruined, undone people——Why ?——he would ask, making use of the sorites or syllogism of Zeno and Chrysippus, without knowing it belonged to them——Why ? why are we a ruined people ?—Because we are corrupted.——Whence is it, dear Sir, that we are corrupted ?——Because we are needy ;—our poverty, and not our wills, consent.—And wherefore, he would add,——are we needy ?——From the neglect, he would answer, of our pence and our halfpence.—Our bank notes, Sir, our guineas,—nay, our shilling, take care of themselves.

’Tis

'Tis the same, he would say, throughout the whole circle of the sciences;—the great, the established points of them, are not to be broke in upon.—The laws of nature will defend themselves;—but error, —(he would add, looking earnestly at my mother) —error, Sir, creeps in through the minute holes, and small crevices, which human nature leaves unguarded.

This turn of thinking in my father, is what I had to remind you of.——The point you are to be informed of, and which I have reserved for this place, is as follows:

Amongst the many and excellent reasons, with which my father had urged my mother to accept of Dr Slop's assistance, preferably to that of the old woman,—there was one of a very singular nature; which, when he had done arguing the matter with her as a Christian, and came to argue it over again with her as a philosopher, —he had put his whole strength to, depending indeed upon it as his sheet anchor.——It failed him; though from no defect in the argument itself; but that, do what he could, he was not able, for his soul, to make her comprehend the drift of it.—Curfed luck!—said he to himself, one afternoon as he walked out of the room, after he had been stating it for an hour and a half to her, to no manner of purpose;—curfed luck! said he, biting his lip as he shut the door,—for a man to be master of one of the finest chains of reasoning in nature,——and have a wife at the same time with such a head-piece, that he cannot hang up a single inference within-side of it, to save his soul from destruction.

This argument, though it was entirely lost upon my mother,—had more weight with him, than all his other arguments joined together.——I will therefore endeavour to do justice,—and set it forth with all the perspicuity I am master of.

My father set out upon the strength of these two following axioms:

First, That on ounce of a man's own wit, was worth a tun of other people's: and

Secondly, (which, by the bye, was the ground-work

of the first axiom,—tho' it comes last)——That every man's wit must come from every man's own soul,——and no other body's.

Now, as it was plain to my father, that all souls were by nature equal,——and that the great difference between the most acute and the most obtuse understanding,——was from no original sharpness or bluntness of one thinking substance above or below another,——but arose merely from the lucky or unlucky organization of the body, in that part where the soul principally took up her residence,——he had made it the subject of his enquiry to find out the identical place.

Now, from the best accounts he had been able to get of this matter, he was satisfied it could not be where Des Cartes had fixed it, upon the top of the *pineal* gland of the brain; which, as he philosophised, formed a cushion for her about the size of a marrow pea;——though, to speak the truth, as so many nerves did terminate all in that one place,——'twas no bad conjecture; and my father had certainly fallen with that great philosopher plumb into the centre of the mistake, had it not been for my uncle Toby,——who rescued him out of it, by a story he told him of a Walloon officer at the battle of Landen, who had one part of his brain shot away by a musket-ball,——and another part of it taken out after by a French surgeon; and, after all, recovered, and did his duty very well without it.

If death, said my father, reasoning with himself, is nothing but the separation of the soul from the body;——and if it is true that people can walk about and do their business without brains,——then certes the soul does not inhabit there. Q. E. D.

As for that certain very thin, subtle, and very fragrant juice which Coglioniſſimo Borri, the great Milaneze physician, affirms, in a letter to Bartholine, to have discovered in the cellulæ of the occipital parts of the cerebellum, and which he likewise affirms to be the principal seat of the reasonable soul (for, you must know, in these later and most enlightened ages, there are two souls in every man living,——the one, according to the great Metheglingius, being called the *Animus*, the other the *Anima*;)——as for the opinion, I say, of Borri,
—my

—my father could never subscribe to it by any means; the very idea of so noble, so refined, so immaterial, and so exalted a being as the *Anima*, or even the *Animus*, taking up her residence, and sitting dabbling, like a tadpole, all day long, both summer and winter, in a puddle,—or in a liquid of any kind, how thick or thin soever, he would say, shock'd his imagination; he would scarce give the doctrine a hearing.

What, therefore, seem'd the least liable to objections of any, was, that the chief sensorium, or headquarters of the soul, and to which place all intelligences were referred, and from whence all her mandates were issued,—was in, or near, the cerebellum, or rather somewhere about the *medulla oblongata*, wherein it was generally agreed by Dutch anatomists, that all the minute nerves from all the organs of the seven senses, centered, like streets and winding alleys, into a square.

So far there was nothing singular in my father's opinion,—he had the best of philosophers, of all ages and climates, to go along with him.—But here he took a road of his own, setting up another Shandean hypothesis upon these corner-stones they had laid for him;—and which said hypothesis equally stood its ground; whether the subtilty and fineness of the soul depended upon the temperature and clearness of the said liquor, or of the finer net-work and texture in the cerebellum itself;—which opinion he favoured.

He maintained that next to the due care to be taken in the act of propagation of each individual, which required all the thought in the world, as it laid the foundation of this incomprehensible contexture, in which wit, memory, fancy, eloquence, and what is usually meant by the name of good natural parts, do consist; that next to this and his Christian name, which were the two original and most efficacious causes of all;—that the third cause, or rather what logicians call the *Causa sine qua non*, and without which, all that was done was of no manner of significance,—was the preservation of this delicate and fine spun web, from the havoc which was generally made in it by the violent compression and crush which the head was made to undergo, by the

nonsensical method of bringing us into the world by that part foremost.

—This requires explanation.

My father, who dipped into all kinds of books, upon looking into *Lithopædus Senonensis de Partu difficili* *, published by Adrainus Smelvogt, had found out, That the lax and pliable state of a child's head in parturition, the bones of the cranium having no sutures at that time, was such,—that by force of the woman's efforts, which, in strong labour-pains, was equal, upon an average, to the weight of 470 pounds avoirdupois, acting perpendicularly upon it,—it so happened that in 49 instances out of 50, the said head was compressed and moulded into the shape of an oblong conical piece of dough, such as a pastry-cook generally rolls up in order to make a pie of.—Good God ! cried my father, what havoc and destruction must this make in the infinitely fine and tender texture of the cerebellum !—or if there is such a juice as Borri pretends,—is it not enough to make the clearest liquid in the world both feculent and motherly ?

But how great was his apprehension, when he further understood that this force, acting upon the very vertex of the head, not only injured the brain itself, or cerebrum,—but that it necessarily squeez'd and propelled the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, which was the immediate seat of the understanding.—Angels and ministers of grace defend us ! cried my father,—can any soul withstand this shock ?—No wonder the intellectual web is so rent and tatter'd as we see it ; and that so many of our best heads are no better than a puzzled skein of silk,—all perplexity,—all confusion within side.

But when my father read on, and was let into the secret,

* The author is here twice mistaken ; ——— for *Lithopædus* should be wrote thus, *Lithopædii Senonensis* Icon. The second mistake is, that this *Lithopædus* is not an author, but a drawing of a petrified child. The account of this, published by Albofius, 1580, may be seen at the end of Cordazus's in Spachius. Mr Tristram Shandy has be led into this error, either from seeing *Lithopædus*'s name of late in a catalogue of learned writers in Dr ———, or by mistaking *Lithopædus* for *Trinecavellius*,—from the too great similitude of the names.

cret, that when a child was turned topsy-turvy, which was easy for an operator to do, and was extracted by the feet ;——that instead of the cerebrum being propell'd towards the cerebellum, the cerebellum, on the contrary, was propell'd simply towards the cerebrum, where it could do no manner of hurt : By heavens! cried he, the world is in a conspiracy to drive out what little wit God has given us,—and the professors of the obstetric art are listed into the same conspiracy. —What is it to me which end of my son comes foremost into the world, provided all goes right after, and his cerebellum escapes uncrushed?

It is the nature of an hypothesis, when once a man has conceived it, that it assimilates every thing to itself as proper nourishment ; and from the first moment of your begetting it, it generally grows the stronger by every thing you see, hear, read, or understand.—This is of great use.

When my father was gone with this about a month, there was scarce a phænomenon of stupidity or of genius, which he could not readily solve by it,—it accounted for the eldest son being the greatest blockhead in the family.—Poor devil, he would say ;—he made way for the capacity of his younger brothers ;—it unriddled the observation of drivellers and monstrous heads,—shewing, *à priori*, it could not be otherwise,—unless ****—I don't know what. It wonderfully explain'd and accounted for the acumen of the Asiatic genius, and that sprightlier turn, and a more penetrating intuition of minds, in warmer climates ; not from the loose and common-place solution of a clearer sky, and a more perpetual sun-shine, &c.—which, for aught he knew, might as well rarify and dilute the faculties of the soul into nothing by one extreme,—as they are condensed in colder climates by the other ;—but he traced the affair up to its spring head ;—shewed, that in warmer climates nature had laid a lighter tax upon the fairest parts of the creation ;—their pleasures more ;—the necessity of their pains less, insomuch that the pressure and resistance upon the vertex was so slight, that the whole organization of the cerebellum was preserved ;—nay, he did not believe, in natural births,
that

that so much as a single thread of the net-work was broke or displaced,—so that the soul might just act as she liked.

When my father had got so far,—what a blaze of light did the accounts of the Cæsearean section, and of the towering geniuses, who had come safe into the world by it, cast upon this hypothesis? Here you see, he would say, there was no injury done to the sensorium;—no pressure of the head against the pelvis;—no propulsion of the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, either by the *os pubis* on this side, or the *os coxygis* on that;—and, pray, what were the happy consequences? Why, Sir, your Julius Cæsar, who gave the operation a name;—and your Hermes Trismegistus, who was born so before ever the operation had a name;—your Scipio Africanus; your Manlius Torquatus; our Edward the sixth,—who, had he lived, would have done the same honour to the hypothesis:—These, and many more, who figured high in the annals of fame,—all came *side-way*, Sir, into the world.

This incision of the *abdomen* and *uterus*, run for six weeks together in my father's head; he had read, and was satisfied that wounds in the *epigastrium*, and those in the *matrix*, were not mortal,—so that the belly of the mother might be opened extremely well to give a passage to the child.—He mentioned the thing one afternoon to my mother,—merely as a matter of fact;—but seeing her turn as pale as ashes at the very mention of it, as much as the operation flattered his hopes,—he thought it as well to say no more of it,—contenting himself with admiring—what he thought was to no purpose to propose,

This was my father Mr Shandy's hypothesis; concerning which I have only to add, that my brother Bobby did as great honour to it (whatever he did to the family) as any one of the great heroes we speak of:—For happening not only to be christen'd, as I told you, but to be born too, when my father was at *Epsom*,—being moreover my mother's *first* child,—coming into the world with his head *foremost*,—and turning out afterwards a lad of wonderful slow parts,—my father spelt all these together into his opinion; and

as he failed at one end,——he was determined to try the other.

This was not to be expected from one of the sisterhood, who are not easily to be put out of their way,——and was therefore one of my father's great reasons in favour of a man of science, whom he could better deal with.

Of all men in the world, Dr Slop was the fittest for my father's purpose;——for tho' his new-invented forceps was the armour he had proved, and what he maintained, to be the safest instrument of deliverance,——yet it seems, he had scattered a word or two in his book, in favour of the very thing which ran in my father's fancy;——though not with a view to the soul's good in extracting by the feet, as was my father's system,——but for reasons merely obstetrical.

This will account for the coalition betwixt my father and Dr Slop, in the ensuing discourse, which went a little hard against my uncle Toby.——In what manner a plain man, with nothing but common sense, could bear up against two such allies in science,——is hard to conceive.——You may conjecture upon it, if you please,——and whilst your imagination is in motion, you may encourage it to go on, and discover by what causes and effects in nature it could come to pass, that my uncle Toby got his modesty by the wound he received upon his groin.

——You may raise a system to account for the loss of my nose by marriage articles,——and shew the world how it could happen, that I should have the misfortune to be called *TRISTRAM*, in opposition to my father's hypothesis, and the wish of the whole family, god-fathers and god-mothers not excepted.——These, with fifty other points left yet unravelled, you may endeavour to solve if you have time;——but I tell you beforehand it will be in vain,——for not the sage Alquise, the magician in *Don Belianis of Greece*, nor the no less famous *Urganda*, the forcerefs, his wife, (were they alive) could pretend to come within a league of the truth,

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The reader will be content to wait for a full explanation of these matters till the next year,——when a series of things will be laid open which he little expects.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.

